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UNCLE CHARLIE'S POEMS

CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS

* Jessie E. Norton.

Augusta N Simpson.

Olivia N Mc Gregor

& Apt

To Mr Frank H Norton

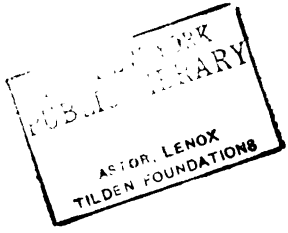
With the Authors, very best wishes

Chas Noel Douglas

Hope you'll like this dope -
A bum attempt at humor
by an exiled (21 yrs) Englishman.

I was at the Haymarket with the Bancroft
When Lydia Thompsons daughter
Zeffie Tilbury was there —

Douglas
NRI


ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

The Author—1896.

Very Sincerely Yours
Charles Noel Douglas
(Uncle Charlie)

UNCLE CHARLIE'S POEMS.

MIRTHFUL AND OTHERWISE.

BY

Charles Noel Douglas.

TO MILLIONS OF FRIENDS,
SCATTERED BROADCAST O'ER THIS MAJESTIC LAND,
I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE VOLUME OF VERSE.

NEW YORK
LIBRARY

Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Charles Noel Douglas,
1299 Park Place.

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PREFACE.

AT the urgent request of many friends, who have been kind enough to take an interest in the verse I have, from time to time, contributed to various magazines, I have gotten together a number of my published efforts, and herewith present them to the public.

This little work is called a book of poems, but, as a matter of fact, it does not contain a single poem, for which I am thankful, as publishers inform me that poetry does not sell.

All I claim for this book is that it contains some verse which may, possibly, bring a smile to the faces of those who read it, if those readers are not hopeless dyspeptics, or confirmed hypochondriacs.

If the mirth-seeker finds nothing laughable in the so-called humorous verse, perhaps in the section devoted to the more serious subjects he may discover sufficient excuse for indulging his risibilities to his heart's content.

In any event, I hope the reader will mark the note of cheerfulness and optimism which runs through the book, in spite of the fact that every line in this volume has been written during ten years of shut-in life, six of which were passed in the wards of hospitals and institutions—among scenes which cannot be recalled without a shudder.

THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK
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AN APPRECIATION.

I WISH to tender my sincere thanks to those publishers who have so kindly permitted me to reproduce, in this volume, verse that has appeared in their publications.

I have to thank the New York *Herald* for permitting me to use the "Glorious Fourth and How We Got It," and "When the New Boy Came." The *Christian Herald* for "God Knows Best," "God Will Take Care of Me," "Sundays in the Old Church," "Preach Jesus to Me," "Cobbler Jim," etc. *St. Nicholas* for "Willie on Classic Fiction." *Judge* for "A Cautious Lover," and "When Casey Came Home Sober." *The Designer* for "Sidney Alexander and His Halidome," "Belinda Anne." *The Delineator* for "What Boys and Girls Are Made Of." *The Woman's Home Companion* for "Don't Forget That Gun," and "When Baby Writes a Letter." *Recreation* for "When Father Hangs a Picture on the Wall," "The Predicament of a Poet." *The Ladies' World* for "Baby's First Sunday in Church." W. H. Gannet, Esq., of *Comfort,* for "Turkey and Pie," "The Art of Being Good," "Santa Claus," "Willie's Opinion of Babies," "Squash," "The Confessions of a Dunce," "He Knew It Then," etc. The Currier Boyce Co., of *The Woman's World* and *Homefolks,* for "Mandy and Si," "Since Katie Went to Cooking-school," "God Knows," "When Pop Played Santa Claus," "The Little Bird That's Always Telling Ma," "Butt Right In," "Careful Ma," "A Few Things to Be Thankful For," "Actor's Story," "So

Did I," "Hard-Luck Story," "A Novelty at Last," "Matter of Money." *Spare Moments* for "The Boy Who Talked and the Boy Who Did." The *Sunday Telegraph* for "The Actor's Prayer," "Summer Plans," "Tragedian's Lament," "Confessions of a Villain," "The Family Theatric," etc. The *Brown Book,* of Boston, for "The Tragedy of an Apple." *New Idea* for "Dollie's Sick." *The Classmate* for "Passing of the Old Church," and *Home Life,* Chicago, for the greater portion of the biographical sketch.

THE AUTHOR.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

IN February, 1897, after some years of failing health, I was stricken with an obscure nervous trouble, which rendered me almost entirely helpless, and put me on a bed of sickness, which I have never left.

Sickness is an expensive matter, and it forced me eventually to sacrifice a home and surroundings of refinement for a ward in a hospital. After nine months of hospital life, as the doctors could do nothing for me, I was listed as a chronic case, and informed that I must vacate, or go to a public hospital, which is a polite term for the poor-house. My means were exhausted, and, with the exception of one or two faithful friends, everyone had forgotten me.

I realized the plight I was in, and begged the hospital authorities to give me a few days' grace. My request was granted, and then if ever a man prayed for help and guidance I did. I did not pray in vain, and I never have. An inspiration came to me to write the words for a song. Coon songs were then all the rage, and, as I had sung many during my stage career, I decided I would write a coon song—and, on borrowed paper and with a borrowed pen and ink, the words of my first lyric were dictated to a fellow-patient. I had not held a pen in months, and had almost forgotten how to write, but my amanuensis was patient and skilful, and eventually got my lines on paper. A borrowed envelope

and borrowed stamp took my little verses to a very celebrated actress. Two days of agonizing suspense passed, and then, to my intense delight and unspeakable joy, a letter was brought me from the famous singer, and inside the envelope was a check for twenty dollars. That night I thought out another song "pome," and Weber and Fields, then in the zenith of their fame, sent me twenty dollars for it. Forty dollars now were mine. I felt richer than Rockefeller, and if happiness were wealth I certainly had the oil king beaten to a finish. With my forty dollars I moved to another hospital, and here I wrote my first magazine poem—"Sundays in the Old Church"—which, after months of effort, I sold to the *Christian Herald* for twelve dollars. My next product, an eight-verse humorous "pome," went to *Youth's Companion,* and brought me twenty-five dollars.

My initial successes were too much for me in my intensely delicate condition, and soon after moving to the new hospital, I collapsed, and for three months hardly knew my own name. From this on it it was one long, grim, heart-breaking, soul-crushing fight, but I was not in the least discouraged. In the slang of the day, I was up against a tough proposition, but it is the same thing every other man has had to experience who has sought a living by the pen. One piece, I remember, in which I had sublime faith—a faith afterward justified by events—I sent out twenty-nine times. It was a set of humorous verses entitled "The Tragedy of an Apple," and it nearly became the tragedy of a would-be versifier before I got through with it, for after it had been rejected twenty-eight times, for once my optimism left me and I think I broke down. At last I sent the verses off on their twenty-ninth mission, to the *Brown Book,* of Boston, and a substantial check was the result. It had taken me two years to sell that poem—*but I sold it!*

I now moved to a home for incurables, where I spent three years, in an attic, under a tin roof, roasted in summer, frozen in winter. My companions were a blind man, a speechless and helpless paralytic, a lunatic, and a poor young man who had broken his back when seven years old and had spent all his life in institutions. Here I wrote some two hundred song lyrics and poems, the majority of which I marketed. Sometimes my funds were so low I would have to practically give my work away. Once circumstances were such that I sacrificed an entire book of juvenile verse for seven dollars. The seven dollars were sent me by check, the check I gave to a friend to cash, he never returned—the work of two months went with him.

My one hope and prayer had been that I might once more have a home of my own, where I could again surround myself with those little things a man of refined and artistic tastes craves so much. At times I despaired of ever accomplishing my object, but I toiled on, hoped on, prayed on, and, finally, in September, 1902, after close on six years of unspeakable misery, I turned my back on the hospitals forever, I trust, and moved into a home of my own.

Can you imagine what that change meant to me? For three years I hadn't seen a vestige of nature. Spring came; I saw not its verdant splendor; Fall rolled on, but the gorgeous tints of autumn were not for me. I could only tell the seasons from the heat or cold. At night the blind man was in the habit of wandering around, and losing his bed. He invariably passed his hand all over my face, my nose—which is of generous proportions—being the landmark by which he located his lost sleeping-place The demented gentleman used to keep me in a constant state of suspense, and, at times, almost in a state of terror, for often no nurse appeared for an hour or more, and then the maniac would come and inform me that I was trespassing

on his property, and if I didn't vacate at once he would be under the painful necessity of assisting me through the window. At such times the most delicate tact and alert mental gymnastics were necessary, or there would have been a tragedy. On these occasions I reminded him that he had sold me half his property the night before, and the gentleman opposite (the old blind man) had witnessed the sale and had the deed in his possession. This immediately sent him scurrying to the blind man, who was quite powerful and pugnacious, and, while the imaginary deed was being discussed by them, I was forgotten, and help came. Sometimes this ruse would not work, and then I always had an old newspaper handy, and the lunatic would often spend half an hour examining the signatures (?) and terms of the deed, and (thank heaven) he invariably returned to tell me it was "all correct."

I got a good deal of entertainment out of this poor soul, for usually he was in excellent humor, but I always had to do my work with one eye on my paper and one on him, for I never knew what wild scheme was hatching in his poor, distracted brain.

You can imagine, I say, what my delight was to leave all these scenes of suffering, and have my bed in a window which gave me a splendid view of the world, of which I'd seen nothing in six years. I shall never forget my excitement as I watched the first automobile chug-chug past on the street below. But perhaps the most delightful and refreshing sight was a band of lovely children—darling little tots—playing "Ring-a-ring, a-rosy" on the lawn of a house opposite me. Ah, me! how little we appreciate the small things of life until we lose them, and then, and not until then, do we realize what we've lost. For a week I could do nothing but gaze out of my window, and laugh and sing, and thank God I was alive. It was glorious! In

March, 1903, my connection with *Comfort* began. This was an epoch in my life, as it brought me the abiding love of six millions of people. As "Uncle Charlie," in *Comfort,* and "Uncle George," in *Homefolks,* I have become an institution in nearly two millions of homes.

I have also social departments in several other magazines, and have the great privilege of talking monthly to and reaching sixteen millions of people. In connection with *Comfort* I have organized a league of young folks, everyone of whom is solemnly pledged to do "sunshine work"—work that will make this world a better place to live in. I have organized similar leagues in other magazines, and my mail in connection with this work ranges from one to two thousand letters per week the year round. Through these leagues I have been able to brighten the lives, and obtain substantial aid for hundreds of poor, helpless sick and suffering "shut-ins" scattered all over this broad land. The love these unfortunates lavish on me is most touching and beautiful, though not one of these suspect that my physical condition is no better than their own.

I have written some seven hundred song lyrics, also "pomes" during my invalidism, and have had one song that was sung all around the world. I have also compiled a huge dictionary of quotations, in addition to my other work. This work, in which I have gathered the world's literary gems, consists of two volumes of one thousand pages each, and is entitled "Forty Thousand Sublime and Beautiful Thoughts." It is probably the most complete work of quotations in existence, and, though I do not claim it is the best, it certainly contains twice as much matter as can be found in any other compilation of this kind.

I have mentioned this quotation work to show that a man on a bed of sickness may still do good work and accomplish much that is useful, if he will develop, to the ut-

most, any latent talent he may possess, and take advantage of every opportunity that may come his way.

Personally, I had never written a line until circumstances forced me to make a supreme effort, and, as the result of that effort meant practically life or death to me, you can imagine that I threw my very soul into the task.

To those millions of friends who know me through the pages of popular magazines, I dedicate this little book, and I trust that its pages will still further strengthen the ties of affection that already exist between us, and add to that loving appreciation which will ever be the inspiration of my shut-in life Gratefully,

THE AUTHOR.

The Author—1906.

HUMOROUS POEMS.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S POEMS.

WHEN FATHER HANGS A PICTURE ON THE WALL.

WHEN Father hangs a picture on the wall there's lots of fun,
An' ev'ryone aroun' the house has got to move an' run.
The ol' step-ladder's fixed in place, the hammer's nowhere's round,
An' when they start to look for nails, the nails ain't to be found.
Pa shouts aloud his orders, an' Ma says 'twas ever thus,
When a man starts in to do some work there's bound to be a fuss.
An' Pa says women's useless things an' always have to call
A man if they should want to hang a picture on the wall.

Pa gets a roll of picture wire, an' then a measurin' tape,
An' says he'll show the women how to put the house in shape.
Off to the parlor then he goes and partly there disrobes,
And bangs the ladder right against the shandyleer and globes,

Then shouts for Ma, an' gives her fits because she didn't fly
To warn him when the ladder to the shandyleer was nigh.
Then Baby 'mongst the broken glass unnoticed starts to crawl.
Oh! there's heaps of fun when Father hangs a picture on the wall.

They bandage up the Baby, an' they sweep up all the glass,
An' Pa says, at hangin' pictures, nobody's in his class.
There's artists in most every line, Pa 'lows, but you can bet
That for real artistic hanging, no one's equalled him as yet.
Then he holds a nail between his teeth, and Ma remarks she's glad,
As now at least his tongue is stopped, an' that just makes Pa mad,
An' down he lays the law to Ma, who goes out in the hall,
An' leaves Pa in his glory hangin' pictures on the wall.

Pa measures up the wall an' squints and then starts in to back,
So as to get a better view, and gives his head a crack;
An' oh! the things that poor Pa said, I'm glad no one was near
When his bald head bumped up against that parlor shandyleer.
Then up the ol' step-ladder, nail in mouth, he starts to climb
An' says he 'lows that picture's just as good as fixed this time,
Then hits that nail a mighty whack, an' "murder!" starts to bawl,
For it's not the picture, but Pa's thumb's got nailed against the wall.

The damaged thumb is bandaged up, the head is plastered, then
Up that old ladder, "do or die," once more Pa sails agen;
An' then he goes for that ol' nail, an' hits it such a swipe
An' not only drives it through the wall, but through an' ol' gas pipe,
An' just as we all smell the gas, the ladder gives a crack
An' crash it goes an' sends poor Pa a-sprawlin' on his back.
His ankle sprained, for Doctor Jones we send a hurry call
To tell him Pa is sick with "picturitis on the wall."

The Baby's cut with broken glass, an,' as for poor ol' dad,
He's sprained a foot, an' lost a thumb, his head's cut awful bad.
The shandyleer is wrecked for life, the gas it's made Ma ill,
An' 'twill take Pa's savings for a year to pay the plumber's bill.
The parlor looks as if a cyclone slept in it a week,
Or a band of Texas steers had been there playin' hide and seek;
An' ever since that day, Dad, he's been singin' mighty small,
An' Ma, not Pa, henceforth will hang the pictures on the wall.

THE INTERRUPTED SERENADE.

(*By kind permission of Francis Wilson, Esq.*)

I'M under thy casement, my own lady love,
Twang, twang, twang.
The stars in their glory are shining above,
Twang, twang, twang.
Oh, you are my angel, my idol, my queen,
Excuse my guitar—at music I'm green,
I bought it a bargain—a dollar sixteen.
Twang, twang, twang.

Your eyes make the stars of the Heavens turn green,
Twang, twang, twang.
At least sweet they would, if those eyes could be seen,
Twang, twang, twang.
Oh, come to thy casement, fair lady, come quick;
I'm weary of waiting, I'm sad and heart sick,
Excuse that last note—someone threw a brick.
Twang, twang, twang.

The roses are sleeping; they dream, love, of you,
Twang, twang, twang.
The breeze murmurs softly; it sighs for thee too,
Twang, twang, twang.
It moans at your casement, oh, open it now.
'Twill waft you my kisses, to print on your brow.
There's Jones' Maria—did you hear her me-row?
Twang, twang, twang.

Ah, could I but hear the soft notes of your voice,
Twang, twang, twang.
All Nature would wake, and with me rejoice,
Twang, twang, twang.
Oh, come to your lattice, one word only speak.
'Tis early, too early, your slumbers to seek.
My G string has "bust," my voice sprung a leak.
Twang, twang, twang.

Oh, list to my pleadings, my soul is on fire,
Twang, twang, twang.
I yearn for thee madly, my heart's dear desire,
Twang, twang, twang.
Ah, why do those eyelids in slumber now droop,
And o'er your white shoulders your fair tresses loop.
There's Pop with a shotgun come out on the stoop.
Twang, twang, twang.

Oh, come to that window; well, you take the cake,
Twang, twang, twang.
You snore like a cyclone, the dead you would wake.
Twang, twang, twang.
I'm down in the mud, the bulldogs on top;
I'm plugged full of buckshot; I guess I will stop.
Tra la la, sweetness, I'm off—here's the Cop!
Twang, twang, twang.

DON'T FORGET THAT GUN.

A Little Boy's Letter to Santa Claus.

DEAR Sandy Claws, I guess it's time I wrote you just a line,
To hope you're well, an' tell you that I'm feelin' extry fine.
An', oh! I'm lookin' forward to your comin' roun' this year,
An' I thought I'd let you know just what to bring me, Sandy dear.
I know you're awful good an' kind to little boys like me,
An' that is just the reason I'm a-writin' to you, see?
An' 'fore I mention other things, an' through the list I run,
I'll be awful grateful, Sandy, if *you'll bring along a gun.*

It's one of them nice "twenty-twos," dear Sandy, that I need,
The sort a feller uses when he's got a panther treed,
Or is holdin' up the Deadwood coach, an' handy for to use
In standin' off a whoopin' band of Rapahoes or Siouxs.
They're handy, too, when Jones' cat comes roun' our yard to sing,
Or Browns' pigeons squat about an' to the fence-rail cling.
There'll be a most excitin' time, an', oh! such heaps of fun,
If you'll only mind, dear Sandy, *an' bring along THAT gun.*
I need a pony next thing, dear Sandy, an' if you
Will bring him roun' I'll show the boys some circus tricks that's new.

He won't go in the stockin's I'm hangin' on the bed,
But you can leave him in the barn, an' that'll do instead;
An' 'twill save you lots of trouble, for it makes a heap of mess
A-luggin' of a pony down a chimney-flue, I guess;
An' bring a saddle, bridle, bit—a nickel-plated one—
Likewise a ton of hay and feed, an' *DON'T forget that GUN!*

I guess an autermobill will be the next upon the list
(You needn't bring no kerosene, there's heaps that won't be missed).
I don't know how you'll get it down the chimney or the flue,
An' my stockin's they won't hold it, but I guess my pants'll do,
For in one leg alone last year you put a train of cars;
But if they won't do, an' you won't tell, I'll go an' borrow Pa's.
There'd be one leg for the pony, an' in the other one
You could stow the autermobill an' *have room left for the GUN.*

You can bring along some peanuts—about a half a sack—
You needn't bring no apples, for Ma she's got a stack,
An' we're all fixed up for turkey, an' there ain't no lack of pie,
But drop a ton of candy an' ice-cream as you go by.
The sled's wore out, an' so's the skates, so mind an' put 'em down,
An' fetch a horn that makes a noise that's heard all over town;
An' that ain't half that's on my list—in fact, I ain't begun.
Oh! make a note for oranges, *an' DON'T FORGET THAT GUN!*

Pa says, dear Sandy, I should think, at this time of the year,
Of other things besides just what you're going to bring me, dear.
That I should bear in mind just what took place on Christmas Day,
Of "tidin's glad, good-will to men," an' then goes on to say,
That you're only nice an' kind to little boys that's good,
Who never tear their pants an' clothes, but split the kindlin'-wood,
So, Sandy dear, remember me, an' all them bad boys shun,
An' bring what Pa calls "peace on earth," an' DON'T FORGET THAT GUN!!!

WILLIE ON CLASSIC FICTION.

I SUPPOSE that Aunt Jemima thought she'd done a powerful lot,
When she brought me this old novel by that feller Walter Scott,
And another one by Dickens, or some funny name like that,
An' Pa says that I must read 'em, an' has laid the law down flat,
That my much-loved yellow story books forever I must quit.
So here I'm tackling Ivanhoe, and don't like the thing a bit,
For, though I'm at the second page, to my intense regret,
No Indians 'peared upon the scene, and no one's killed as yet.

Pa's told me quite a little 'bout the story Ivanhoe,
An' says the whole thing's simply grand — but, oh! it's dreadful slow,
An' that Richard *Cur* de Lion, Pa says was great to fight,
Put with Pawnee Jim and Buckskin Bill he wouldn't be a bite,
An' as for Mr. Robin Hood, an' that ole six-foot bow,
Why, with Buckskin Bill's Win-*chest*-er, he wouldn't have have a show.
So, Mister Scott and Dickens, if Willie's heart you'd win,
Just re-write all your stories, and put lots of Indians in.

Why, Johnny Jones, he tells me (and he's read an awful lot),
That in some of these ol' stories by Dickens and by Scott—
(An' when young Johnny told me, oh! I laughed until I shook)—
Why, he says that they make one murder do to last clean through the book.
Of course, I didn't contradict, but, oh! that can't be true,
That for just one single murder folks would read a whole book through.
So I'm startin' to investigate, an', oh! how mad I get,
For, here's page three, and, oh! dear me! nobody's killed as yet.

Those funny days of chivalry, that Scott tells all about,
Where knights would get long lances to pry each other out.
Of them ole tin-can suits they wore, likewise a thick mail shirt—
Why, them cowards must have dressed like that for fear of getting hurt.

Could Buckskin Bill just come in sight, and start in pumpin' lead,
An' make his ole Win-*chest*-er smoke, them knights would all drop dead.
An' while Bill he was pumpin' death, he'd smoke a cigarette,
Ah, that's the type of hero for a real live boy, you bet.

Of course, in them ol' bygone days, folks wasn't go-ahead,
An' didn't know the proper way of killing people dead.
They didn't have no Maxim guns, an' then, maybe agen,
The 'Paches and Comanches weren't a showin' fight just then.
But, with modern new improvements, they kill folks off in style,
An' can knock a fly's hind leg off, an' stand off twenty mile.
So now it's just plain reason, boys in this progressive age
Want gore galore, and quite a score of killin's to a page.

So just take your classic fiction an' lay it all aside,
While I will sweep the western plains, an' along with Wild Bill ride.
An' haul a gay ole Gatling way upon a crested butte,*
An, lay low till the Redskins come, an' then wade in an' shoot.
Then I'll wed an Indian Princess, a Sioux, or Chicksaw,
An' have an Indian pony and an Indian ma-in-law.
An' I'll write a book about it, and just look out for fun,
For every Indian living will be killed in Chapter One!

---

*Pronounced *bute;* is a lone mountain.

TURKEY AN' PIE.

THANKSGIVIN' DAY has come again an' Pa says there is much
For us to all be thankful for, an' then he starts to touch
Upon the various blessings that has happened through the year,
An' the way that Pa just gets it off, 'twould do you good to hear.
He says the harvest has been good, the corn an extry yield,
An' smilin' plenty's been the rule in pasture and in field;
An' for these acts of Providence, the turkey's got to die,
An' wholesale slaughter will be waged on cranb'ry sauce an' pie.

Pa says, of all the years he's known, the one that's drawin' out
Has been the one that most he's got to thankful be about;
The summer-boarder crop this year has been the finest yet,
An' one young city feller Sister Sue's caught in her net.
She's been what they calls "on the shelf" an' never had no beaus,
An' just how glad she's off his hands, Pa says, there's no one knows;
An', to show that we are grateful to Providence, we'll try
To fill ourselves up to the ears with turkey, sauce an' pie.

Pa says when he compares this year with other years he's known,
This one, for real prosperity, just stands out all alone;

Grasshoppers and such birds of prey in other years have come
An' chawed up everything in sight, an' never left a crumb.
But this year, Pa says, they'se been good, *so* good, with joy we laugh,
To think, instead of *all* the crop, this year they took but *half;*
An', for this special favor, we think we all should try
To swim around in cranb'ry sauce an' pulverize the pie.

Pa says he thinks a great improvement steadily goes on
An' gives a feller hope an' grist with which to build upon.
He says, this year, that Fortune's been a-smilin' extry kind
An' int'rest on the mortgage now's *but sixteen months behind.*
An' he thinks, with great exertion, if we all wade in an' work,
An' never leave a thing undone, and nothin' round us shirk,
The organ for the parlor, on installments, we can buy,
So we'll organize a fierce assault on turkey, sauce an' pie.

Pa says the tramps that's came around within the twelve months gone,
Shows him a brighter era for humanity will dawn.
For tramps that once would, for a crust, split up a cord of wood,
Now help themselves and kick like steers unless the cookin's good.
An', as for them mosquiters; well, that's a thing that we
Have all got special reasons to extry thankful be,
For they were but a puny crop, some less than two feet high,
So breathe a blessing 'tween the chunks of turkey, sauce an' pie.

Pa says, some folks they make him tired the way they soon
despair,
An' loads that break some backs, to Pa are trifles light as
air;
An' there, out in the field, he sings with joy the livelong
day
To think the skeeters, bugs an' things ain't carried him
away,
But left him here upon the farm, his back to labor bent,
To pay the interest on loans at *ninety-five per cent.*
An' that Pa he can do the job's sufficient reason why
We've wrastled with the turkey an' got hunkey with the
pie.

"WHEN THE NEW BOY CAME."

WHEN the New Boy came to school we awaited
eagerly
That gentleman's arrival, and wondered if he'd
be
A valuable addition to our youthful baseball nine,
And did his trunk contain a cake or other gifts divine,
And did he look a likely chap to bully or to lick,
And would he on the football team perchance be called to
kick,
And help the school to victory in many a glorious game—
Were the questions we debated when the New Boy came.

Now, Billy Benson said he'd heard—though he never men-
tioned where—
That the New Boy was quite big and strong and wouldn't
take a "dare."

That he'd pitch a ball across a plate with most terrific curve,
And, in stealing bases, never seemed to lack prodigious nerve.
At jumping, he could clear with ease the highest kind of gate,
And could swim a mile at least—or more—at simply record rate.
Then run ten miles at "hare and hounds" and never fetch up lame,
Which filled our souls with envy, ere the New Boy came.

Then Aubrey Montmorency said he thought that Benson erred,
And from little hints dropped here and there he knew—or p'raps inferred—
That the gentleman in question did not go in for sport,
But studied like a demon, and seclusion he would court
To sweat away at Virgil until he'd nearly drop,
Then scoop in all the prizes, and in his class be top.
This made us all disgusted, and it seemed so beastly tame,
And we looked quite tired and weary, ere the New Boy came.

Then Master John MacDonald here ventured to remark,
That he'd private information, if we'd swear to keep it dark,
That the youth we were expecting was not studious but rich!
Which excited us instanter to the highest kind of pitch;
His parents simply rolled in wealth and delighted to indulge
Their offspring's evr'y fancy—and here our eyes would bulge!

And to school with less than fifty "bones" this Crœsus never came,
Which drove us simply frantic, ere the New Boy came.

At last up on the playground that youthful soul emerged,
And a wild and curious eager crowd like Indians round him surged.
But, oh! what looks of horror, for there before us stood
A little nine-year stripling, just removed from babyhood.
A measly, puny weakling, a tear-drop in each eye;
Ah! in vain had some fond mother that morning kissed them dry;
We were righteously indignant — such a beastly, awful shame;
We were horribly disgusted when the New Boy came.

Ah! boys, dear boys, appearances will very oft deceive;
Not always does the fairest flower the sweetest fragrance leave.
The puniest of youngsters to robust strength will climb,
And captain all your baseball nines — if you'll but give them time.
For even mighty Nelson was delicate and frail,
Yet gloriously he followed in Fame's lustrous blazing trail.
So give the youngsters time to grow and with pride you'll yet acclaim
The memorable occasion, when the New Boy came.

SIDNEY ALEXANDER AND HIS HALIDOME.

'TWAS wondrous the impression that novels used to make
On the plastic brain of boyhood, and the forms it used to take,
And the influence it wielded upon the youthful mind
Which between those magic coverlids a Paradise would find.
If you'd watch Sid Alexander, in a second you could tell
What FICT-I-O-NAL wizard over him had cast his spell,
And 'twas best for you to cut and run when o'er some well-thumbed tome
You heard him mutter awful words about his "halidome."

We used to blame that Wizard of the North, Sir Walter Scott,
For half the dreadful lickings and the bruises that we got.
For Sir Walter had o'er Sidney an influence immense;
When 'neath his spell 'twas best for you to hide or climb a fence.
For the battle-axe and lances and the swords that he would wield
Would have sent the great Napoleon in terror from the field,
For there never was an army 'neath the Heavens' eternal dome
Could face Sid Alexander and his awful halidome.

In mediæval castles he was living all the time,
And over castellated walls and postern gates he'd climb
To rescue lovely maidens who were lying in distress,
And for reward his lips upon their lily hands he'd press.

He'd squires, pages, men-at-arms, you'd hear his charger snort,
And he spoke the knightly lingo of great King Arthur's Court.
In dungeons deep he'd victims chained, the wicked little gnome,
And he benisoned and blessed 'em (?) by his knightly halidome.

'Twas then you had to watch him, for danger it was rife,
For though he didn't *really* have a battle-axe or knife,
Yet his looks were so bloodthirsty, as the air he cleaved and smote,
'Twas hard to think a shirt of mail was *not* beneath his coat.
"Ah! Caitiff dogs!" you'd hear him cry, and swiftly wheel about
To drive the hosts of Saladin in sanguinary rout.
Then erstwhile as a Troubadour he'd sweetly sing of home
And the ladye-love he cherished, by his knightly halidome.

'Twas grand to watch Sir Sidney when he bade his love adieu.
You'd have killed yourself a-laughing at the antics he went through.
He'd fix a sprig of lilac for her colors in his cap,
Then vault upon his charger, and you'd hear his visor snap.
Then he'd gallop like a whirlwind and he'd shout his battle cry,
Then homeward, wildly panting, like a meteor he'd fly,
And doff his cap and wave his hand, his sword to heaven thrown,
As is fit for knightly lovers when they've got a halidome.

We used to feel a great relief when Marryatt he'd read,
For then he'd drop the murd'rous and was nautical instead.
And the way he hitched his trousers and the slang that he let rip,
Why, anyone would think he'd spent his life aboard a ship.
The sails that he'd be setting and the anchors he'd let go,
The boarding parties he'd repel, the French that he laid low,
Oh! 'Twas glorious to watch him steer his frigate o'er the foam,
And we had a welcome respite from his awful halidome.

But if we heard blood-curling whoops and sharp staccato yells,
We knew that Sidney then was in his wickedest of spells,
And was reading of the "red men," as per Cooper or Mayne Reid,
And we rushed at once for safety with a most prodigious speed,
For Sidney then a demon was, with knife and tomahawk;
And 'twould freeze your blood to watch the way his enemies he'd stalk.
His face looked simply fiendish, a wicked, yellow chrome,
And we prayed he'd quit the Indian and resume his halidome.

Oh, Sidney Alexander, I wonder if the books
That now you read still influence your actions and your looks.
For if they do, be careful, and pray forever blot
From your mature perusal works by Cooper and by Scott.
For he whose temp'rament is of the impressionable kind
Should keep exciting literature forever from his mind.'

Read Paley's "Evidences" or Gibbon's "Fall of Rome,"
And don't use naughty words about that dreadful hali-
dome.

"BUTT RIGHT IN."

WHEN the work's accummulating,
As the work will, as a rule,
An' you're sort'er hesitating
An' cantak'rous as a mule,
An' you feel so all-fired lazy
That your tasks you want to shirk
An' it fairly makes you crazy
'Cause you got to go to work;
Don't hesitate and rail at fate,
An' start to wag your chin,
But roll up sleeves—that's what achieves
And Butt
Right
In!

When at night you're out a-calling,
On the girl that you adore,
An' your courage keeps a-falling
As it never fell before,
An' she edges closer to you
With a world of thrilling sighs,
An' her glances they go through you
As the lovelight fills her eyes;
Don't run, you jay, that ain't no way
A maiden's heart to win.
Just whisper, "Sis, I want a kiss;"
Then Butt
Right
In!

When you're kind'er speculating
  On the cost of married life,
An' the question you're debating
  Whether you can keep a wife,
For your wages they are scanty
  So you think you'll throw down Sue,
For you're too durned mean to ante
  Up the price of board for two,
Don't fool aroun', you measly clown
  And count the cost; but shin
To Sue or Kate, to church go straight,
  And Butt
    Right
      In!

Should a jug of old Kentucky
  Chance to wander 'round your way;
You'll say it's most unlucky
  I ain't touching none to-day;
I've had my farewell jag on,
  I've took the temp'rance vow;
I'm on the water wagon,
  Carrie Nation's got me now;
Don't let it pass, you durned jackass,
  To miss it would be sin,
Throw back your head, "Here's how!" 'nuff said,
  Just Butt
    Right
      In!

When you see a feller critter
  A-stagg'ring 'long life's road;
An' he stops so he can get 'er
  Better grip upon his load;

Then beneath his burden crushing
With an anguished moan he falls;
Swift by the crowd goes rushing
While for help he vainly calls;
You see his need, don't let him plead,
A crown in Heaven you'll win
If you will bear his load of care,
So Butt
Right
In!

You fellers what are dreaming
Your precious hours away;
You idle souls who're scheming
To keep the wolf at bay;
You churlish clods who ever
Are hoarding up the pelf;
You selfish hulks who never
Had e'er a thought but self;
Don't waste in dreams, or idle schemes,
Your days, but work begin,
God only heeds a life of deeds
So Butt
Right
In!

MANDY AND SI IN EUROPE.

WE'VE been across to Europe's shore, has Mandy Jane and me,
To view its ancient cities, an' its aristocracy.
We've wandered over England, Scotland, Portugal and France;
At Italy and Germany we likewise took a glance.
We hopped around in Switzerland, in Austria and when
A squint we'd took and had a look, we butted home agen,
An' though we both sized Europe up, including Greece and Spain,
I'll say this much, no place can touch old Pumpkin Corners, Maine.

We sailed from home, and went to Rome—a queer old sort of town.
The Coliseum's roof is off, the walls are tumbling down.
The whole place wanted fixing up and putting in repair;
They ought to got the roof put on before we landed there.
The Pope was sick, so Mandy quick a note wrote to him thus:
"Dear Pope, some day if you should stray down East, come board with us."
We tried to scan the Vatican, but, though I ain't no scholar,
The cans we got in Maine, great Scott! beat the Vat*ican* all holler."

Then off we went to Athens, bent on seeing Greece, but, say,
More grease will rise when Mandy fries than Greece has got to-day.

Them Grecian pillers they were fine, but Mandy said,
"What hams!
If we'd them marble pillers hum, we'd dress them up in
shams."
Then Venice we inspected next; 'twas grand to gaze upon,
But the streets were full of water—guess they had a freshet
on.
Then the hungry souls of Hungary we peeked at from the
train,
But the hungriest guys the world supplies are in Pumpkin
Corners, Maine.

Then we went to Nice, but 'twasn't nice; then off to Ger-
many,
And Kaiser Wilhelm greeted us and axed us both to tea.
"My bologny's swell," said William. "Well," said I, "it's
quite a feast,
But for cheese that walks and sausage that talks, you got
to go down East."
"Our Princes, Counts—they never work," said William,
"understand
You've got no aristocracy in your benighted land."
"The man who shirks and never works," said I, "gives me
a pain;
We calls them bums from where I comes, down Pumpkin
Corners, Maine."

To Paris next, and there we dined table de hot; 'twas nice,
The soup it was de hot; the table, that was cold as ice.
Meals a la carte, folks think they're smart, but here I'd
like to state
We don't eat vittels from a cart; we eat ours from a plate.
That Ark de Triomphe, that's a fraud—them French have
got a gall—
A mass of stones, that's what it was; no animals at all.

They talk of wine and make a shine in France about champagne.
My faith I tack to the apple jack at Pumpkin Corners, Maine.

We skipped across to England, and on Shakespeare called, but, say,
Bill wasn't home to see us, as he'd gone out for the day.
Then we struck the Tower of London next, that place was simply great;
We'd have seen 'em chop a king's head off, but got there just too late.
To Westminster's famed Abbey then; you'll be surprised to larn
It cuts no ice and ain't so nice as old Eph Simpson's barn.
The folks, you know, are too dead slow, but here I'd best explain—
For a dead slow place you got to chase to Pumpkin Corners, Maine.

That Forum, too; at that we drew the line right there in Rome.
"They stand *for rum,*" said Mandy; "come, we're prohibition home."
That leaning tower of Pisa—scour the earth—there's not its mate.
If we'd that leaning tower down East, we'd make it stand up straight.
Venus de Medici; well, she's a statue I suppose.
I do declare she stood right there without a stitch of clothes.
My coat I draped about her shape, and up and told her plain,
"We'd give you ten days in the 'pen' in Pumpkin Corners, Maine!"

Well, here I am, gay as a clam, back in the Pine Tree State.
I've crossed the tide and now decide that Europe's second rate.
To travel through a week or two, I guess it has no peer,
But to make a pile—well, I should smile—you want to stay right here.
Outclassed, outstripped, we've got 'em whipped, till they can't draw a breath.
No need to blow; we head the show; we've got 'em skinned to death.
Them Monarchs they don't go to-day—I hope I make this plain.
It's pork and beans, not Kings and Queens, in Pumpkin Corners, Maine.

WHEN FATHER CARVED THE "TURK."

MA always did the carving in the old days on the farm;
When roasted bird at meals occurred she'd slice it to a charm;
But last Thanksgiving Father said, when Ma was carving ducks,
Her cooking, though 'twas passable, she couldn't carve for shucks.
Dad said agen, he noticed when a chicken came on deck,
Though all the rest got legs or breast, he always got the neck;
Henceforth he'd wield the knife himself, and now I'll go to work,
Events I'll trace, tell what took place when Father carved the "turk."

Christmas mighty soon rolled round, and Dick and me and Sue
Had fixed a little game on Pop, and Ma was in it, too—
We had a turkey on the farm, I'd heard Dad oft remark
He'd pledge his word that very bird came out of Noah's ark.
We chloroformed the gobbler, and though for hours we tried,
No ax or gun (we tried a ton) would penetrate his hide.
When in the oven birdie went Mom whispered, with a smirk,
There'll be some fun for every one when Father carves the "turk."

'Twas Christmas day, the table gay with fixings for the feast,
And ev'ry guest dressed in his best, a score of them at least;
A hungry horde sat round the board as Dad took up his knife,
All sharpened like a razor, for the battle of his life.
Hushed was the din as Ma brought in the gobbler, brown and slick—
Mom winked at me, I winked at Sue and Sue she winked at Dick;
All bowed their heads as grace was said by Reverend Joseph Burke,
Then still as death we held our breath while Father carved the "turk."

Dad shed his coat and bared his throat, and then he butted in,
The gobbler's hide to cut he tried, but couldn't pierce the skin;

Its breast he jabbed, its neck he stabbed, and gave it such a slap
It went right swish clean off the dish and flopped in Sal Smith's lap.
'Twas soon put back, again Dad hacked; oh, things were going some!
When Dad's knife slipped and off it whipped the top of Father's thumb;
Dad stomped the floor, and strange oaths swore, while Reverend Mr. Burke
Begged Heaven, in prayer, our lives to spare while Father carved the "turk."

We fixed the old man's damaged thumb, then Dad, sad to relate,
Upon the table knelt and chased the turkey round the plate;
One knee was on the gobbler's breast, the other in the pie,
While gravy flew on me and Sue and hit the ceiling high,
We ducked beneath the table, 'twas the safest place to go,
While Pop was wrestling up on deck we breathed a prayer below;
Then came a crash, an awful smash, in my brain long 'twill lurk;
That deafening roar, when on the floor, went Father and the "turk."

We scrambled out and picked Dad up; you should have seen him prance—
The carving knife lodged in his shoe, the fork stuck in his pants,
His face was smeared with grease, his beard and whiskers full of pie,
Ere he could see Ma dug out three potatoes from his eye.

Then old "Doc" Jupp patched Father up, and said 'twas very plain
He'd turkeyitis of the pants and gravy on the brain—
Another gobbler soon was cooked and each one went to work,
And ate, you bet, but don't forget 'twas Mother carved the "turk."

WHEN MOTHER GETS HER VOTE.

MA'S talking woman suffrage, and with vigor she declares,
Men you can't trust, and women must direct the state's affairs.
The day has come when graft and rum must vanish from the land,
Ma says you'll own women alone can take that job in hand.
Some candidate, that's real first-rate, she hopes that they will pick,
For the *candy-date* that she last ate just made her deathly sick.
So Ma will mix in politics, and you can just take note,
There'll be a storm of fierce reform when Mother gets her vote.

When Mother gets her vote, she says, a change there's going to be.
The men, and not the women, at the washtub then you'll see.
They'll scour the clothes, and darn the hose, and nurse the baby nights,
While Ma attends conventions, and sticks up for women's rights.

The men must make the dresses, take the baby out to air,
See little John has buttons on the pants he's going to wear.
Stoves, pots and pans ain't in Ma's plans, Dad's in a pretty boat.
I say again, God help the men when Mother gets her vote.

When Mother gets her vote, they say, saloons will have to go,
It's certain, then, no liquor men their heads will dare to show.
When Dad's home late, with wobbly gait, and thirst you can't appease,
He'll cut out swears, and walk upstairs, not crawl on hands and knees.
She'll have a clause put in the laws, tho' Dad says it's absurd,
That she can chin when rows begin, while he can't say a word.
She'll ask the state to amputate the whiskers round Dad's throat,
Something will drop on poor old Pop when Mother gets her vote.

When Mother gets her vote, she says, the men will all turn pale,
For those who smoke, or chew, or joke, she'll pack them off to jail;
She'll ask the state to legislate, no matter what occurs,
To lock up those who poke their nose into affairs of hers.
Those gossips who talk all day through, at them she fiercely strikes,
Laws will be sprung to stop their tongues, though she'll talk all she likes.

Those who spread lies, and criticise Ma's hat, and Sunday coat,
Will be behind the bars, you'll find, when Mother gets her vote.

When Mother gets her vote, she says, the world to rights she'll put,
And then she'll rise to emphasize her views, and stamp her foot;
And as she bangs her foot down hard, it hits Dad's favorite corn,
Dad starts to yell—his language—well, beats all since you were born.
Ma echoes "brute," while Pa sits mute, scorn flashing from his eyes,
Then, with a sneer, Dad says, "See here, you think you're awful wise,
But of politics, and such like tricks, you know less than a goat."
Dad's got to run, or draw a gun, when Mother gets her vote.

When Mother gets her vote there'll be a barrel full of fun;
For President it's her intent to vote for Washington,
Though she and Aunt did favor Grant, Ma goes on to explain,
George couldn't lie, and that is why he ought to run again.
But Ma's been told he's getting old, and what makes her despair,
He's no mustache, and she'll be smashed if she quite likes his hair.
So 'lection time, bet every dime, that George is on the shelf,
And please take note, when Mother votes, she'll just vote for herself.

LITTLE WILLIE'S DIARY.

OWN a di'ry, I do. Cost me sixteen cents.
Going to put down what takes place. Here's
where I commence.

MONDAY.

Got my hooks in dad's cigars, collared half a pie,
Baby brother fell downstairs, knocked out half an eye.
Cook has kerosened the stove, set fire to the house;
Hack just drove up to the door—Pop's home with a *souse*.

TUESDAY.

Turned the bath-room water on, drowned the folks beneath;
Baby fell downstairs again, knocked out half his teeth.
Tied a brick to Fido's tail so his tail can't wag.
Sis has hydrophobia—Pop's home with a *jag*.

WEDNESDAY.

Cook has swiped Mom's di'mond ring; Dr. Jones is here
(Got the old man's razor out, cut off half my ear).
Baby out the window pitched, neck broke sure as fate;
Fearful crash in hall downstairs—Pop's home with a *skate*.

THURSDAY.

Landlord's served a dispossess. Tom has grip and croup;
Baby's lost the other eye—tumbled off the stoop.
Fooling with Dad's old shotgun—foot's out in the road;
Doc Jones here to sew it on—Pop's home with a *load*.

FRIDAY.

Cook broke all the chinaware, fired it at Mom's head;
Baby went down air shaft, bang! doc allows he's dead.

Landlord camping on the stoop, says he needs the "mon";
Fierce fight in the parlor—wow! Pop's home with a *bun.*

SATURDAY.

Cook's lit out for parts unknown, silver's vanished, too;
Bulldog's chewed the landlord up, landlord says he'll sue.
Baby's tumbled off the roof, crowd and cops outside;
Mom's brought suit for a divorce—Pop's home with a *tide.*

SUNDAY.

When Pop hit the house last night, loaded up for bear,
Ma got next his whiskers, and yanked out all his hair;
Then her right, with all her might, in his eye she drove;
Pop's just found my di'ry and—di'ry's in the *stove.*

GOOD NEWS FROM HOME.

I SEAT myself to write you, Sal, and tell you all the news,
The family, I regret to say, has kinder got the blues.
Ma ain't a-feeling quite herself, she's got an awful cold,
That started complications, and they're dangerous when you're old.
She says you're not to worry, it's just a little spell,
She's pneumonia and heart disease, but otherwise she's well.

Dad ain't himself exactly; he was fixin' up the roof,
The water kept a-coming through, it wasn't weather-proof;
The ladder tipped, and poor Dad slipped, he landed on his head,

It kinder shook him up a bit, some 'lowed as he was dead.
The doctor fears, from toes to ears, Dad's smashed into a jell;
He's had a stroke, his neck is broke, but otherwise he's well.

Bill's kinder feeling poorly—you see, them pesky tramps
Got fooling round the barn last week, the aggravatin' scamps!
Bill went outdoors to chase 'em, and one tramp drew a gun,
Filled Bill with lead; old Doc Jones said one bullet weighed a ton.
Bill's shot up bad, it's kinder sad, but fears you can dispel,
They've just cut off his arms and legs, but otherwise he's well.

Nell says to send her love, and say there ain't no cause to fret.
She was riding on the wagon, along with Cyrus Jet;
The team took fright, and Nell went right slap-bang into the road,
The wagon wheels went over her, a kind of heavy load.
She's twisted up and bent a bit—it's sort of tough on Nell;
She's paralyzed, and pulverized, but otherwise she's well.

The baby ain't himself to-day—got playing near the fire,
Grabbed the kettle on the stove with consequences dire.
He had to have the kettle, and the kettle's what he got,
And the boiling water in it, you bet was good and hot.
He's all wrapped up in oily rags, you ought to hear him yell,
He's boiled and fried, and lost his hide, but otherwise he's well.

Liza Jane has measles bad, and 'pendicitis, too;
Jim has tonsilitis, and finds it hard to chew;
Ed's down with the typhoid, consumption, and the gout;
Mandy's rheumatiz and grip, it's kinder laid her out.
Diphtheria, dropsy, Bright's disease has taken hold of Belle,
Smallpox is going through the house, but otherwise we're well.

THE INTERRUPTED JOURNEY.

Mr. Jones, New York, to Mrs. Jones, Chicago.

NEW YORK, September 1st, 1907.

STARTING for Chicago to-morrow by the "Flier."
How I am progressing, will let you know by wire.

PHILADELPHIA, September 2nd.

In an awful smash-up, break news to Ma and Peg,
On the way to hospital—only lost a *leg*.

HARRISBURG, October 1st.

In another accident. Please feel no alarm;
Injuries are trifling—only lost an *arm*.

ALTOONA, November 1st.

Train ran off the track to-day. Worry not, I beg.
Shook me up a little, and lost the other *leg*.

PITTSBURG, December 1st.

Delayed again by accident; tramp unloosed a tie.
Damage inconsiderable—only lost an *eye*.

CANTON, OHIO, January 1st, 1908.

Ran into an open switch. Please don't worry, dear;
Pinned beneath a Pullman car; lost other eye and *ear*.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, February 1st.

Ran into a freight to-day. Hurt, as you'll suppose.
Locomotive's on my chest—minus ear and *nose*.

FINDLAY, OHIO, March 1st.

Engine just exploded; landed in a creek.
Dislocated liver pad and lacerated *cheek*.

FORT WAYNE, April 1st.

Fierce head-on collision, got some record shocks;
What is now left of me is coming in a box.

CHICAGO, April 2nd.

Home at last, thank Heaven! Just a trifle late.
Other sections of me are coming on by freight.

CEMETERY, April 4th.

Now my journey's ended, and my worry ceases.
"Rest in peace" the headstone says—not in "peace," but
"pieces."

THE CAT AND THE CANARY

HE Canary bird sat in his cage and sang,
When a Thomas Cat happened along.
"Good-morning, my dear," said the gentleman cat,
"A remarkably beautiful song!
Your shakes and your trills my little heart fills
With a very exuberant joy."
"You flatter yours truly," said birdy, unduly;
"You are awfully kind, dear boy!"

Tweet, tweet, tra-la-la-la!
Awfully kind, dear Tommy, you are.
Me-ow, me-ow; caterawaul, caterawaul;
You're a glorious singer, that's all, that's all.

"I'm a bit of a singer, myself," said the cat,
At least, my Maria thinks so.
In a moonlight sonata, or backyard cantata,
Oh, I make a respectable show.
But it puzzles me quite, when rehearsing at night,
That out of each window should pop
Head after head, and my cheeks they blush red
At the way I'm requested to stop."

Meow, meow; cater-mer-row!
To the moon, from the roof, politely I bow,
But no one, alas, ever seems to admire
The love-songs I sing to my darling Maria.

"Now, suppose I should give you a lesson or two,"
The Canary bird smilingly said.
"I'll touch up your tones, and I'll calm down your groans,
And I'll fix up the chords in your head.
Then a world that derisively shouted you down,
Whenever you sang on the fence,
Would cry out for more, and demand an encore,
And they'd say it was simply immense."

"Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-lee!"
Said the Canary, "Pray, imitate me:
Me-yow, me-yow, likewise meyew;
Oh, we'll soon make an opera singer of you!"

With his lesson well learned, off that night Thomas went,
And he warbled as never before.
His trills and his shakes, and his vocal earthquakes,
With great patience the neighborhood bore,
Till, wearied at last, there was wafted a blast
That hurtled 'round poor Tommy's head.
On buckshot bouquets, oh, he liked not to gaze,
So off, like greased lightning, he fled.

Bang, bang, bang! went a gun,
Off went Tom's ear, of tail now he'd none.
"Oh, lor'! Oh, my!" Tom shrieked, with a hiss.
"That dad-binged Canary, I'll fix him for this!"

In the morn Tom appeared in a terrible plight,
Underneath the Canary bird's cage.
The Canary bird exploded, and said: "You're a sight!"
While poor Thomas just trembled with rage.
The little Canary he then gobbled up,
And said: "This will teach you, you brat,
It's very absurd, for a vain little bird,
To play pranks on an old Thomas cat!"

"Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-lee!"
Sang Tom, as he struck a grand high C.
"No wonder my voice is birdlike and clear,
That's the hundredth Canary I've swallowed this vear!"

SO DID I.

THAT long, lank dude as sparks our Sue was to the house last night,
An' talk of having fun, well, say, I thought I'd die outright.
Laugh, well, I'm a-laughing still, I guess I'll never quit;
I've only got to think, an' then I durned nigh have a fit.
He came to supper, an' we had, o' course, a dandy spread.
Sue trotted out her choc'late cake, an' Mom her fancy bread,
An' that long dude he stuffed hisself with cake, preserves an' pie,
An' then drank sixteen cups o' tea, an'—so did I.

Jim Snaggs he eat, an' eat, an' eat; my, how that dude did stuff,
Till every plate was cleared, then Jim he guessed he'd had enough.
Most folks in love don't eat at all, but Jim ain't one of such,
For he allowed love always made him eat just twice as much.
Up from his chair Jim staggered, you could almost see him swell.
He'd eat so much, how he got up that's more than I can tell.
I saw him beckon Sue, an' she just answered with her eye,
Then to the parlor off they sneaked, an'—so did I.

They made for that old settee in the corner by the door,
An' I crawled in an' hid behind, where oft I hid before.
An' then I heard him whisper: "Sue, just let me give you one!"
An' Sue, she said: "Jim, if you do, I'll get right up an' run."
An' then she giggled foolish-like; you know how young folks spark
A-fore the parlor lamp is lit, an' things is kind 'er dark.
Well, Jim he kissed her good an' hard, an' Sue, she said: "Oh, fie,"
Then jabbed her fist in Jim Snaggs' neck, an'—so did I.

I bobbed down quick, Jim didn't see, for love, you know, is blind;
An' then with cord I started in Jim's swell coat-tails to bind.
He'd on his new Prince Albert, for Jim was quite a card,
An', 'fore you knew a thing, I'd got him tied up good an' hard,
An' 'neath the settee then I crawled, an' laid flat on the floor,
With Sue's steel hatpin in my hand, six inches long, or more.
Then, just as Jim was kissing Sue, I jabbed it in his thigh;
He yelled an' rolled in fourteen fits, an'—so did I.

You should have seen the circus, when that pin got busy—you
Must know Jim hit the ceiling, an' the settee went there, too,
An' 'round the room he dragged it, like a mule hitched to a truck,
Till both his coat-tails they tore off, an' Jim just cussed his luck

An' stamped an' yelled till all the folks rushed headlong through the door
An' stumbled over Sue, who lay unconscious on the floor.
Pop dashed right off for water; say, you should have seen him fly;
He soused ten buckets in Sue's face, an'—so did I.

At last they got Sue on a chair, poor gal, she couldn't stand,
While Jim stood there an' rubbed hisself, a coat-tail in each hand.
An' Sue no sooner saw him than she started in to grin,
Then flopped down on the floor, an' chucked another fit again.
We soused her "to" with water, then an argument arose
Just as to what old animal had bit Jim through his clothes.
Sue guessed a snake, Ma said she thought 'twas lightning from the sky,
But, last, they blamed it on the cat, an'—so did I.

THE TRAGEDY OF AN APPLE.

I'M returning Willie's photograph, I'm sending back his ring,
And across the picture's written, "You're a base, deceitful thing,"
Oh! I never would have thought it, in the light of what has been,
He'd have acted quite so selfish, so contemptible and mean,

But, alas! it ever happens thus, for nearly every boy
Thinks a girl is little better than a plaything or a toy;
But my feelings can't be trampled on, and all the world shall see
That everything is over, now, 'twixt Willie Jones and me.

My courage fails, and tears they come, when I recall the past
With all its tender memories, too beautiful to last:
How we shared our candy, apples, gum, and how he made a rule
To wait around our gate, and see me to and fro to school.
And, oh! that blissful moment when he handed me a rose
And asked if he—(well, never mind) and how he bumped my nose
And blushed as much as I did—ah! 'tis cruel I've lived to see
The day when all is over 'twixt Willie Jones and me.

It was all about an apple—he thought I wasn't nigh,
And I saw him go behind a tree to eat it on the sly;
And his little guilty conscience made him gobble it so quick
That I thought it would have choked him, or have made him deathly sick.
I saw that rosy apple as he bit with a zest
(It was one of those big juicy ones—the kind I like the best),
And my mouth, oh, how it watered as his lips together smack't;
Then I dashed behind the tree and caught the culprit in the act.

At first he tried to face me out, but 'twasn't any use,
For, trickling down from Willie's mouth, were tell-tale streams of juice,

And, oh! the scent of apples just hung about his clothes,
And drove me simply frantic as it played about my nose.
I pressed him to confess his crime, he only fibbed the more,
When, sticking from his pocket, I observed an apple core;
And I snatched this proof of infamy forth from its hiding-
place,
And, with an air of triumph, then I shook it in his face.

'Twas only pride that gave me strength, as on the ground I
threw
The remnants of that apple—and I guess he never knew
Just what that action cost me, for it wasn't finished quite,
And there was yet enough upon it for just one lovely bite.
But I scorned it, and I threw it, with a haughty air, aside,
And, just as I was doing it, upon his coat I spied
Two long red hairs of Susan Payne's, confirming my worst
fears,
And, with this proof of perfidy, I "bursted" into tears.

There's a yawning gulf existing now, 'twixt William Jones
and me,
And when he's near, the temperature descends most rapidly,
And an icy, frigid atmosphere o'er both a silence throws,
(Accentuated somewhat by my elevated nose).
I forgive him for his fickleness, I've dried the eyes once wet,
But there are things we may forgive, but never can forget;
And though Willie, on his bended knee, for pardon he
should crave,
Still the memories of that apple I shall carry to my grave.

I forgive him for his conduct with that freckled Susan
Payne;
I forgive his haughty manner and his icy, cold disdain;

I can overlook the meanness of the priggish little elf,
(When passing cake he always took the biggest piece himself);
I forgive the cruel injustice, the indifference and neglect,
For, with the way he's been brought up, what else can you expect?
But I never will forgive him, for he broke my heart outright
When he ate that whole big apple without giving me a bite.

THE PREDICAMENTS OF A POET.

HIS lady's locks of Titian red inflamed the poet's soul,
And soon with frenzy fine, and wrapt, his eye began to roll.
He hied him home and seized his lyre, and gaily twanged and smote,
And then a matchless sonnet to those ruddy locks he wrote.
Then, with his poesy, to his love he straightway hurried back.
But, oh! ye Gods! that Titian hair was now a raven black.

Homeward in haste the poet hied, there was no time to lose;
And soared Parnassan heights afresh, and wooed anew his muse.
And, forthwith, then he grabbed his lyre and smote it many a smack;
Then wrote his lays in frenzied praise of tresses raven black.

Then, with his sonnet, sought his love; alas, poor hapless clown!
The fashions they had changed, and now his lady's locks were brown.

The poet tarried not, nor wept, but hastened home full swift,
And in the praise of nut-brown hair his voice right soon did lift,
And, on the parchment, glowing words of eloquence express
The poet's adoration of each silken, glossy tress.
Then rushed unto his lady-love, in horror to behold
That nut-brown hair that once was there was now peroxide gold.

MORAL.

While fashion sways the sex called fair,
It would be wise, mayhap,
In writing sonnets to their hair,
To keep all hues on tap.

MAYBE! I GUESS! PERHAPS!

THEY'VE got a social at our church, there's going to be a time,
An', oh, such things they promise if you'll only bring a dime.
You can give the wheel of fortune some gentle little taps,
An' every boy's to get a prize—maybe! I guess! perhaps!

Pa's awful short of cash just now, he went to Mr. Jones,
And had a business talk with him concerning sundry loans.

Pa told him if he'd wait until he'd gathered in the craps,
He'd pay him every cent he owed—maybe! I guess! perhaps!

We've got two beaus a-callin' on our Liza an' on Jane,
The way they spoon an' carry on would drive you 'most insane.
My old-maid aunt says, 'fore she'd set aroun' in fellers' laps
She'd rather die a thousand times—maybe! I guess! perhaps!

Pa got a circular in his mail, an advertisement, which
Told how a man without work might soon get all-fired rich.
Pa's sent the man a dollar to explain this snap of snaps,
An' says his fortune's good as made—maybe! I guess! perhaps!

I've got a dandy bird-gun and a bulldog, too, I've got,
An' Jones' cat we fixed last night, and for her made things hot.
Between that dog, an' gun an' me, we tore that cat in scraps,
But she ain't dead, she's eight lives left—maybe! I guess! perhaps!

The chap that's courtin' sister Jane is thin an' dreadful old,
But Ma, she says he's awful rich, got houses, land an' gold.
It ain't his wealth Jane's after, an' this the climax caps,
She's going to marry him for love—maybe! I guess! perhaps.
Ma says, some day, a long ways off, if boys don't steal an' cry,
That lots of lovely things there is, awaits them by-an'-bye.

They'll all be angels if they're good, no more cross words nor slaps,
And I'm to have a harp an' wings—maybe! I guess! perhaps!

SANDY CLAWS.

WELL, Christmas, good old Christmas, it will soon be here ag'en,
And dear old Sandy Claws once more will creep out from his den,
And, I think, for him to stay away all through the year is wrong,
When he could call 'most every day, and leave toys right along.
I've often wondered where he lived, and just where Sandy stops,
And, from his whiskers, I should judge it's near no barber-shops;
And, they say, he works both night and day, just like a perfect slave,
A-making toys for girls and boys, and don't have time to shave.

Some folks say Sandy don't exist, and that it's all a sell;
I must confess there have been times I've had my doubts as well,
For when, last Christmas, we received our old friend, Mister Claws,
Tho' face and whiskers they were his, his voice and pants were Paw's!
He may have had an accident, and borrowed pants from Pa,
But Dad he's only got one pair, and they was made by Ma,

And if Sandy ever got them on, and went from door to door,
Them home-made pants that mother made would get him locked up, sure.

It ain't alone them pants don't fit, but Ma can't measure straight,
And, while one leg is three foot six, the t'other's two foot eight,
And, as goods just now are scarce and dear, the pants ain't all one piece;
And they're patched just like a crazy-quilt, and two foot thick in grease.
And there's another funny thing, Bill Smith, Tom Jones, and Brown,
And all the other boys and girls that live for miles aroun',
Say, when Sandy came to visit them—and that just made me sore,
My Pop's pants had disappeared—and 'twas their Pop's pants he wore.

So that's just got me guessing, to know what Sandy did,
With Pop's old pants when he left us, and where he's got 'em hid,
For there ain't no place to change 'em, 'cept in the open air,
And, if Sandy Claws got doing that, you know how folks would stare.
And yet in every house he went, to make young hearts rejoice;
He had on different pantyloons, likewise a different voice,
And just what puzzles me is this, and to know I'd give a dime,
How he changed his pants at every house, and still got 'round on time.

It ain't as if he only had a single call to make,
But, as soon as Christmas morn arrives, and everyone's awake,
In just about three hours, or less, of wild and boisterous mirth,
Old Sandy Claws has made a call at every house on earth.
You talk about chain lightning, and say how mighty swift 'twill go,
But, compared to Sandy's getting 'round, that old chain lightning's slow.
And how could he hand out his toys, in India, Spain and France,
If he fooled 'round in snowdrifts while changing of his pants?

And if he was to change 'em, as on his rounds he rolled,
It seems to me the dear old man would catch his death of cold;
And then, if Sandy was to die, farewell to Christmas joys,
For what, in thunder, would we do for candy, sleds and toys?
One pair of pants on t'other, he could put, so people state,
But with tons of pants on either leg, 'twould surely make him late;
And, I can tell you one thing, if he wore many pants like Pa's
He wouldn't get three hundred feet, unless he took the cars.

Well, pants or no pants—I don't care, so long as Sandy comes
All loaded down with whiskers, and sleds, and toys, and drums;

And, so long as he is right on time, and don't forget to stop,
I don't care if Pop is Sandy Claws, or Sandy Claws is Pop!
And whether he comes through the door, or down the chimbley flue,
Don't cut the leastest figure, just so long as he gets through;
And his voice, and pants, and whiskers don't concern the girls and boys
So long as Sandy's 'round on time, and hustles out the toys.

"BEST TO KNOW NOTHIN' AT ALL."

KNOWLEDGE is good for the boys and the girls,
At least so the teacher says;
An' ignorance, sure, is a blighting thing,
An' hurts us in various ways.
An' teachers is right, an' knowledge *is* fine—
Both for boys, an' girls, an' men,
But a goodly-sized stock of ignorance
Comes handy, too, now an' then.
It's nice to be smart, an' answer up quick,
When the minister comes to tea,
An' get the j'ography questions all right,
An' bound the Carribean Sea.
But if they should ask who stoned the black cat,
Or stole them apples last Fall,
Then Knowledge, you'll find, is a snare an' a fraud,
An' it's best to know nothin' at all.

If Pop says: "Boy, I will give you a dime
If, without any pencil or slate,
You can multiply eighty by sixty-six
An' then subtract twenty-eight."
Then you want to look up to the ceiling hard,
An' see if the answer's there,
While your brains become an adding machine,
An' dimes float around in the air.
It's a mighty fine thing if you're good on sums;
In fact, it's simply immense
To be able to answer up quick and correct,
An' collar that ol' ten cents.
But if Pop inquires how the window got broke
When you were out playing ball,
Well, Knowledge, you'll find, ain't good for your health,
An' it's best to know nothin' at all.

If your Ma should take you onto her lap,
As Mas they will sometimes do,
An' the Sunday-school lesson gets down from the shelf,
An' the questions begin to run through,
Then visions of apples begin to appear
An' dazzle a poor boy's eyes,
An' you wish you knew more than Solomon did,
An' were fifty, or more, times wise.
Oh! it's nice to know all 'bout Noa-n-th' Ark,
An' get all the Ten Plagues right,
An' tell about Samson losing his hair,
An' them Philistines puttin' to flight.
But if Ma should ask who stole that mince pie
She left on the tray in the hall,
Then Knowledge, you'll find's the worst thing on earth,
An' it's best to know nothin' at all.

If sister's dude beau sits down on a tack,
With the business end in the air,
An' cobbler's wax, it gets stuck in a pile
'Round the edge of the easy-chair,
An' the neighbor's puppy scoots down the street
With a tin-can tied to his tail,
An' they can't draw water out of the well,
Because there's no bucket or pail,
An' a jar of preserves is nearly gone,
An' another is empty quite,
An' every old clock in the house strikes wrong,
An' none of the lamps will light—
Should Pop, with a raw-hide, then upon you
For exact information call:
Well, Knowledge ain't what it's cracked up to be,
An' it's best to know nothin' at all.

A CAREFUL MA.

MY ma, she is a careful ma. When I go out to play,
She'll say: "Now John, dear, have a care just where you go to-day;
Now don't play ball, because a ball is dangerous, and you
Might get a fatal blow, and then whatever should I do?
And don't go near the water, for you're liable to drown,
And look up at the housetops, as a cornice might blow down,
For the wind is very high, John, so now, my dear, ta! ta!
And mind the automobiles, dear!" Oh, I've such a careful ma!
My ma, she is a careful ma. I've scarcely gone a yard
Before she's shouting, "Johnnie"—and a-shouting good and hard.

"I guess you'd better stay at home," she'll say, "for John, my pet,
Jones' dog went mad last week, and no one's caught it yet.
There! You've stepped right in that puddle; come in and change your shoes,
For the influenza's raging, and I read in last night's *News*
That boy of Smith's that got wet feet has took pneumonia;
You'd better change your stockings, too." Oh, I've such a careful ma!

My ma, she is a careful ma. She cuts up all my meat,
But fish she never lets me touch, and, whiter than a sheet,
She tells how, years and years ago, a boy in Delaware
Got two fishbones lodged in his throat, and died right then and there.
And as for knives and forks; well, they're a thing that's quite taboo;
Ma says a fork is dangerous, and a little boy she knew,
His knife it slipped and cut his lip, 'twas in Pennsylvania;
So I use a spoon for pie at noon. Oh, I've such a careful ma!

My ma, she is a careful ma. She never lets me run,
For fear I'd stub my toe and fall, and when the golden sun
Shines down, she keeps me in the house, for fear a stroke I'll get;
And when it rains, I'm locked indoors, for fear I might get wet.
She never lets me read, for ma says reading hurts your eyes.
She never lets me laugh, for ma don't think that laughing's wise,
For if I laughed as loud, she says, as Uncle Jim and pa,
I'd take a fit, and die in it—Oh, I've such a careful ma!

"OLD HOSS JIM."

IT just beats ev'rything to fits, the way a feller feels,
When first he claps his eyes upon them autermoby-eels,
An' strange, but some folks like the things, and think they're just divine—
But, speaking for myself, right here, I don't want none in mine.
No auto car, I thank you, sir, will yank this chap around,
A-kitin' long the road like sin, a foot above the ground.
An' I'll bet, no benzine buggy ever built for mortal's whim
Can hold its own a second with, or touch, our old hoss Jim!

It ain't that Jim's so beautiful, it ain't that Jim's so fast,
For the speediest days of Jim, I guess, are over now and past.
But when I look back thirty years, and rack my brain awhile,
And think of old Jim's palmy days, them 'mobeels make me smile.
Them days, when Jim was sleek and fat, and had a fiery eye,
When I grabbed the reins, and held my breath, prepared to do or die—
And with ears laid low, and tail stuck out, a type of speed and power—
Jim dashed along the old pike-road at fifty yards an hour.

I'd like to see the pacer that could pass old Jimmy then,
Ah! many a one had tried it, but Jim he knew just when
The t'other hoss was coming, then Jimmy he would stop,
And across the road he'd spread himself, and in the middle flop—

And the hoss that tried to pass him then, it had to climb or fly—
Or dig a tunnel under Jim, or there warn't no getting by.
Then off to sleep old Jim would go, and into dreamland roam,
While I hitched a rope around his neck, and hauled the victor home.

Another thing about old Jim, if he didn't go the clip,
All that a feller needed was to just haul out his whip,
An' then you'd soak it to him for about an hour or so—
An', to show Jim bore no malice, he would go ten times as slow—
Now, with them ol' automoby-eels, if they don't go the pace,
It's just a-wastin' time to get the whip down from its place,
You can pound and cuss a hoss until the atmosphere turns green,
But 'tain't no use to lick a durned ol' can of kerosene.

An' then them automoby-eels, they cost a sight of pelf,
An' they need a heap of groomin', too, while Jim—he grooms himself.
An' they're chock full of bolts and things, how many I forget,
While Jim, I will say that for him—he's never *bolted* yet.
An' then they've got rheumatic tires, and pumpin' air's required;
Yes, ev'ry blessed wheel needs tires, while Jim he's *never tired.*
An' Jim don't need no hay, nor oats, such things he never ate,
He just chews up a fence-rail, and he thinks he's doin' great.

So, take your automoby-eels and throw 'em all aside,
An' your ol' balloons an' flyin' ships that through the heaven's glide;
Your Empire State expresses, your whizzin' trolley cars.
You can harness up the comets an' the meteoric stars,
You can grab a wirless cablegram an' sit upon its tail,
You can catch greased lightnin' as it flies, or follow in its trail,
But, with all your wheels, an' 'beels, an' things that o'er our planet skim,
When it comes to rapid transit, why, I pins my faith to Jim.

A MATTER OF MONEY.

MAUD SMITH is quite the sweetest girl, I think, I ever met.
What glorious sparkling eyes has Maud, what hair of glistening jet!
Brunettes I've always much preferred to any type of blonde,
Of blue-eyed girls with creamy cheeks I ne'er was extra fond.
How strange that Maud's so lovely, for Maudie's sister Sue
I think is quite the homeliest girl I've ever met, don't you?
I've laid my net for Maudie, and, by the way, I'm told,
She has a fortune, all her own, some fifty thousand "cold."

Well, I've clean gone back on Maudie, for I can plainly see
Brunettes no longer have the charm that once they had for me.
Blue eyes and golden hair, somehow, they always have the knack
Of making girls look very plain whose hair is merely black.

Then Sue's so interesting, while Maud is far from that,
And, after Sue, Maud always seems to fall a trifle flat.
So Sue's the girl of girls, I guess, to fill the bill just now.
Oh! by the way, it's Sue, not Maud, that has that fifty thou'.

I find those Smith girls, after all, are nothing extra grand:
Susie's feet are rather large, she's not a pretty hand;
She's rather shallow, too, I find; those baby faces pall;
Somehow, I don't think, after this, I'll make another call.
To tell the truth, they're homely, and, then, they're not my style.
And Sue and Maud will sing and play; and, oh, their playing's vile;
And, anyway, just now at least, I'm not on marriage bent.
(Deuced frauds, those Smith girls are; they haven't got a cent!)

"MAY-BE."

NEW YEAR'S a-looming up again, and Dad's resolved that he,
A different man entirely in the coming year, will be.
He's turned a new leaf over, he's a-thinking deep and long,
And Dad's a-resolutin' and a-resolutin' strong.
He says he knows in years gone by he's made some awful breaks,
But man is only mortal, and we all make some mistakes.
But in this year a-coming, in Dad a change you'll see—
He's made ninety resolutions, and he'll keep 'em all—
Meb-be!

Dad thinks that drink's the greatest curse in this wide world to-day,
And Dad's resolved he'll quit it, and he'll quit it right away.
No more he'll to the drug-store go and tip the pill man off,
And wink, and say he wants some drops to cure whooping-cough.
Then, when he's got the cough cure (which is old Kentucky Rye),
No more he'll make out he's a bird, and show Ma how to fly.
Pa says, saloon-men should be in the penitentiary;
He'll never touch another drop in all his life—
Meb-be!

Another thing that Pop's resolved, a thing he's wild about,
He says that swearing ain't genteel, he's going to cut it out.
So when the hammer hits his thumb, or razor cuts Pop's cheek,
He'll do his cussing inwardly, and say long words in Greek.
He says it's mighty hard, no doubt, your language to adjust,
And if he don't cuss sometimes, well—he calculates he'll bust.
Pop says he's cut the cuss words out of his vocab'laree!
And when he sits down on a tack he'll only smile—
Meb-be!

Pop's made a resolution that he's going to be genteel,
His table manners from henceforth will tony be, and real.
Pop's knife won't go into his mouth, he says, that action's rude;
Henceforth he'll be a 'ristocrat, and fork up all his food.

And when he gets his pie henceforth, 'twill just delight
your soul,
He'll eat it in one bite instead of swallering of it whole.
A napkin, too, Pa's going to have spread out across his
knee,
No more he'll wipe his mouth upon the tablecloth—
Meb-be!

Another thing that Dad's resolved, and his resolve will
hold;
He says the truth it must prevail; truth's better far than
gold.
So Dad no more will tell us how at Vicksburg in the war,
He killed three hundred men stone dead, and captured
ninety-four.
No more he'll yarn about that fish he hauled in last July,
That measured eighty-four feet long, and took six weeks to
fry.
And 'bout the "skeet" who ate the sheet, the bureau and
settee,
Pop's never going to lie again in all his life—
Meb-be!

And so Dad—he's resolving, and resolving day and night.
He says he's lived the past all wrong, he'll live the future
right.
The golden rule he'll follow up, and pointers he will give
To erring fellow-critters, on the proper way to live.
No telling fibs, no monkeying with liquor that is red;
No cussing and no fussing, no grabbing pie or bread;
No cheating or contrariness, and good old Pop, you'll see,
Will keep his resolutions—for a half a day—
Meb-be!

THE ART OF BEING GOOD.

OH, Christmas Day is coming, and 'twould do you good to see
The wondrous transformation scene that's taken place in me.
This change it always comes about this season of the year,
When Sandy Claws and Yuletide joys are slowly drawing near.
'Tis then the boist'rous manner of the youth begins to go,
And an angel halo 'round my head and wings commence to grow;
And folks start in to wonder why I've dropped my noisy ways.
Well, 'tain't because I like to, but because I find it pays.

Oh, say, you ought to see me as I walk around the house,
As meek, and mild, and humble, and as silent as a mouse;
And Ma she'll say: "Oh, son dear, will you kindly close the door?"
And I reply: "Of course, Ma, with the greatest pleasure, sure!"
Then I close it, oh, so gently, while Ma looks on and smiles,
(The bang it gets at other times is heard around for miles.)
You'll wonder why I shut that door so gentle and so pat:
On Christmas Day I'll get a sleigh and pair of skates for that!

And when we're at the table, then an angel boy am I,
No grabbing for the sugar-bowl, or scrambling for the pie.
The red-hot soup I put aside, and give it time to cool;
I blow it till it decorates the ceiling, as a rule.

Mamma she looks so proud of me, and, when I ask for cheese,
I startle ev'rybody by saying: "If you please!"
Then Pa he says: "I guess we'll make a gentleman of Nat!"
On Christmas morn I'll get a horn and train of cars for that!

And when we go to meeting, I sing just like a bird,
And find the place for Pa and Ma, and follow ev'ry word;
While, as a usual thing, I'm in the depths of dire disgrace,
Get half the leaves torn out the book, and never know the place.
But now I'm like an angel, and when they pass the plate,
I drop in it a whole red cent, and Pa says: "Sure as fate,
We'll send our Nat as Mission'ry to Siam or Kelat";
At Christmastime, I'll get a dime and phonograph for that!

Oh, say, you ought to see me when my sister's beau and she
Are in the parlor holding hands; of course, I never see
What's going on; but let 'em spoon, while scarce a month before,
You'd have found me 'neath the sofa hid, or squinting through the door.
But now—well, I just turn my head (wonders will never cease).
I let them make their "goo-goo" eyes and spark in perfect peace.
And when Jim kisses Sis; well, say, I'm blinder than a bat;
When Sandy's 'round, I'll get a pound of chocolate fudge for that!

Now, boys, take this advice from me—it's natural you should;
And listen to a lecture on the art of being good.
There's not much money in it, on ordinary days,
But, when December looms in view, you'll find that goodness pays.
For Sandy Claws is watching you, and so is Pa and Ma;
On your behavior all depends, just what you get, Ha! Ha!
But when old Sandy's left the toys, and Christmas Day is o'er,
Quit the angel business, and become a pesky boy once more.

"I DON'T KNOW WHO HE WAS."

SOME boys and girls are bright and smart, but folks can see at once,
That I'm a little, backward child, a perfect little dunce.
My Maw an' teachers try so hard to get things in my head,
But in a second I forget just ev'ry word that's said.
Maw said to-day I ought to try my little life to plan,
And imitate George Washington—I think that that's the man;
And I'd like to do what Mamma says, but I can't, you see, because
I never heard of Washington, and I don't know who he was.

Ma talked to-day of Lincoln, and, my! how her tongue did run,
But I knew no more when she got through than when she first begun.

She mentioned something 'bout the slaves, but my poor brain's so slow,
Whether he freed them, or they freed him, I'm bothered If I know.
He may have been an Englishman, a Russian, or a Turk;
Perhaps he was some lazy boy that wouldn't go to work;
Oh, I'd like to do what Mamma says, but I can't, you see, because
I never heard of Lincoln, and I don't know who he was.

Napoleon's another name my Maw holds up to me.
She keeps a-mumbling o'er that name, at breakfast, dinner, tea;
I've listened to her now for years, and listened to her good,
But don't know if "Nap's" a boy or girl, or some new breakfast food.
He might have been, for all I know, a woman or a man,
Or, maybe, it's some patent stuff that comes packed in a can.
Oh, I'd like to do as Mamma says, but I can't, you see, because
I never heard of Napoleon, and I don't know who he was.

Ma talks of Julius Cæsar, and she talks on by the hour,
And, when she strikes that name, her voice has majesty and power.
She shakes with fierce excitement, as she walks the parlor floor,
But the only Cæsar that I know is the dog that lives next door.
If Cæsar was a man, a cat, a dog, door, or kangaroo,
My little head's too thick to learn, my brains they never knew.
Oh, I'd like to imitate him, but I can't, you see, because
I never heard of "Sneezer," and I don't know who he was.

Oh, knowledge is the thing I want; it's knowledge that I lack,
But I can't learn while boys are chalking monkeys on my back!
It's impossible to study hard, no matter how you try,
When you have to sit 'most all the day on tacks ten inches high.
And no wonder I'm a dunce, and all my brains are in a wreck,
When boys, all day, put bumblebees and "waspses" down my neck.
So Washington and Lincoln I can't imitate, because
I never heard their names a-fore, and I don't know who they was.

THE LITTLE BIRD THAT'S ALWAYS TELLING MA.

I'VE had a present from my pa, a dandy new air-gun,
And now I'm going out-of-doors to have no end of fun.
The neighbors' cats are safe from me, I've got no quarrel with them;
The rabbits, squirrels, chipmunks, hares, to death I don't condemn.
Wolves, Indians, mountain-lions, coyotes, bear and deer
Can look into the muzzle of my gun and have no fear,
But I have sworn fierce vengeance, and am on the trail; ha! ha!
Of the horrid, spiteful little bird that's always telling Ma.

How happy would have been my life, how gay, and free
from care,
Had Nature made no little birds to navigate the air.
What whippings I would have been spared, the lash that
fiercely stung,
Had one mean tell-tale bird had but the sense to hold its
tongue.
For, since I can remember (that's some eight long, troubled
years),
That horrid bird has spied on me, and, oh! the bitter tears
That tell-tale wretch has caused me; for, no matter what
I do,
That little bird has told my Ma before the day is through.

If we had birds in all the rooms, in cellar, attic, too,
I shouldn't wonder, then, if Ma of all my actions knew,
But all we've got's a parrot, and since the day Pa came
Crash! headlong down the parlor stairs, Poll's never been
the same.
She just sits in that cage of hers, repeating, word for word,
The strange remarks Pa made the day his accident oc-
curred.
So my Ma's chance of hearing tales from Polly's mighty
small,
For she's so busy swearing, she's no time to talk at all.

If my Tom cat had told on me, I should not wonder, for,
These many moons, 'twixt Tom and I there's been a state
of war.
But Tom has never said a word, nor has the goat, or dog;
The roosters, hens, the ducks, the geese, the horse, the mule
or hog,

With all of these at various times I've had fierce scenes of strife,
But not a one has ever told on me in all my life.
While feathered friends I've left unharmed, to sing up in the tree,
Have joined in a conspiracy to tell Ma tales on me.

I once got in the cellar deep, where Ma keeps all her pies;
I grinned, and said: "Well, here at least no little birdie's eyes
Can look and see what's going on, though birds they know a trick,
I guess they can't peek through a wall that's close on three feet thick."
And so I chuckled, and I ate till I was sick as death.
Then dragged myself up to my bed, and fairly gasped for breath.
Then Ma arrived with fierce rawhide, and, as I squealed with pain,
I quick inferred that same old bird had told on me again.

So wonder not that I am hot upon the trail of one
Who's robbed poor me, from infancy, of oceans full of fun.
And when that bird lies safe interred in Mother Earth, then I
Can softly creep in cellar deep, and fill myself with pie.
If cream and cake I chance to take, should ball through window go,
I'll fear no wrath; for, now henceforth, who did it, none will know.
Oh, life will be sweet bliss to me, a Paradise, ha! ha!
When I have lured to death the bird that's always telling Ma!

SINCE KATIE WENT TO COOKING-SCHOOL.

ONE dreadful day, to my dismay, Kate got it in her head
The cook should go, the maid also; she'd run the house, instead.
She'd lessons take, to roast and bake; she'd cook the meals, while I
Paid ev'ry bill, and made my will, and then prepared to die.
A cooking course, without remorse she took, and then with glee
Swift home returned, and all she'd learned she tried on helpless me.
Soups boiling hot for me she got, and wouldn't let them cool.
O, cruel fate that prompted Kate to go to cooking-school.

Kate used to say, ten times a day, I was her only mash;
Now she mashes the potatoes, and she dotes upon the hash.
And, when of soul I talk, she'll roll her eyes and say: "Of course;
You save that sole for me, and I will serve it with a sauce."
I never saw so many sauces as that girl can fix;
If she'd my heart, then a la carte she'd serve it boiled at six.
Her head's a kitchen range, and all deranged. Oh, what a fool
I was to let my Katie pet go to the cooking-school!

But, oh! the scenes, when she serves beans; I greet them with a yell.
I'm a "has-been," so she calls me, and I've been a brute as well.

And the corned beef, it's so full of corns, I instantly insist
She send for a corn doctor, or expert chiropodist.
And, as for game, it is a shame, for help I have to bawl.
I'm pretty game, but Katie's "game"—well, I can't stand at all.
Her tapioca; it would choke a goat, or kill a mule.
Oh, wicked fate that tempted Kate to go to cooking-school.

Kate's bread has bred dyspepsia. I'm not a carpin oaf;
But her yeast will raise a riot, but 'twill never raise a loaf.
Her ketchup, it will fetch up a train of mem'ries vile,
And, when it's served, I ketch up my hat and run a mile.
We've cereals at all the meals—it makes my poor heart bleed—
They're the kind of cereals you can't eat, and neither can you read.
Her punch I have to punch it—it's sure death, as a rule.
Oh, sad the day Kate strayed away to go to cooking-school.

Kate's bully on the bouillon—that soup I guess you know.
Her ox-tail soup gives me the croup, it's made of tales of woe.
Her salad-dressing keeps me guessing, makes me whoop and prance.
The way her dressed tomatoes taste, they must be dressed in pants.
Her shredded wheat the world will beat; for months that stuff I've stood.
She says it's shredded wheat, but I can swear it's shredded wood.
Her consomme is cream of hay. Oh, what a luckless fool
I was to let my Katie pet go to the cooking-school.

Kate's custard pie, it will defy a buzz-saw; it's a crime,
And, when I get that pie, you bet it's cust-hard ev'ry time.

Her kidney stews give me the blues. I take one bite and shriek!
I touch that stew, and when I'm through I'm stew-pid for a week.
Her fricassees they fail to please; I'll touch them not again.
Whene'er I touch her fricassees I'm frica-seized with pain.
Her beef extract, my cranium cracked; it makes me tear my wool
And cuss the fate that tempted Kate to go to cooking-school.

WHEN POP PLAYED SANDY CLAWS.

THERE are memories that haunt a fellow till his dying day,
And scoff at Father Time's attempt to banish them away;
There are thoughts that crush the heart and soul, and make the eyelids droop,
And funny thoughts that make a man get up and fairly whoop.
As Christmas is a-coming, somehow I tho't that you
Would like to know of the events of Christmas, '92;
And I'm going to tell you 'bout it, and, most of all, because
It was that particular Christmas that Pop played Sandy Claws.

I was just a little nipper then, but I remember well
How Pop had got a secret; what it was he wouldn't tell,
And he kept a-talking to himself, and wandered 'round the house
Mysterious as a Tom cat when it's stalking down a mouse.

We youngsters used to follow him, for boys, of course, they know
When something strange is in the wind; and so, one night, oh! oh!
We crept up in the attic, an old store-room of Maw's,
And there saw Pop dressing up in clothes like Sandy Claws.

Well, Christmas Day it came around, and happy boys were we,
For fun we knew was in the air, and kids adore a spree.
We waited at the chimney hours, for Sandy to come down
And fetch a ton of candy, toys, and presents in from town.
We asked the folks where Pop had gone, but no one seemed to know,
And Sandy, where was he?—folks guessed he'd got stuck in the snow.
Then dinnertime rolled 'round, and we all burst in tears, because
We couldn't find a single trace of Pop or Sandy Claws.

Maw—she was simply furious—the clock had just struck two;
No sign of Pop, and dinner pretty nearly half-way through.
She guessed that Pop was lost or killed, then started in to cry,
And brother Bill, he showed his grief by grabbing half the pie.
We polished off the dinner, and were munching at the fruit,
When crash! bang! down the chimney came a half a ton of soot,
And then we heard an awful yell—the voice resembled Paw's,
And Bill said: "Bud, I'll bet that's Pop a-playing Sandy Claws."

Aunt Jane rushed to the chimney; say, I thought that I should die,
For half a brick flopped on her nose and bounced off in her eye.
Then up the chimney Maw she peeked; her head, it shot back soon,
Her face all covered thick with soot, and blacker than a coon.
The yells grew worse; we recognized the voice of Dad; and, say,
His language, it will haunt my ears until my dying day.
"I've got stuck in the chimney," said Pop; "get ropes and saws."
Say, this is what a feller gets for playing Sandy Claws.

We rushed out for a ladder, then, and Uncle Joe and Dick,
They banged it 'gainst the chimney, and that loosened up a brick;
And the brick, of course, fell down inside; and, oh! the words Pa said
When that old brick connected with the bald spot on his head.
Then down we let a rope to him, and tugged times out of mind,
While, broom in hand, Maw went to work and boosted Pop behind;
They tugged, but all in vain, for Pop was trapped, and all because
His pants were stuffed with straw, to make him fat like Sandy Claws.

Well, Pop was stuck, and stuck for keeps; we had to send to town,
And get a wrecking-crew to come, and tear the chimney down.

Then they hitched Pop to a derrick, and out they yanked
him quick,
And, when we saw the sight he was, we laughed till we
were sick.
We had to turn the hose on him, and wash off all the dirt.
You ought 'er heard Pop's language when the hose began
to squirt.
"I've lost an eye and arm," he said, "and pulverized my
jaws."
That was the last time, bet your life, that Pop played
Sandy Claws!

"WHEN BABY WRITES A LETTER."

WHEN Baby writes a letter to her Daddy far away,
The occasion's most important, for she has so
much to say.
She sits up to the table, as grown-up folks all
do,
And then a pile of paper all around her we must strew.
With Grandma's golden spectacles safe perched upon her
nose,
She dips her pen into the ink, then straight to work she
goes,
And the onslaught fierce that follows would fill you with
dismay—
When Baby writes a letter to her Daddy far away.

"Baby sends her love to Daddy, and hopes that he is well,"
Is the sentence Baby first indites—her methods I must
tell—
For the sweet and simple message that expresses Baby's
love
Is a dot and dash, and big ink-splash below and just above.

She perforates the paper with many tiny pricks,
And plays a tattoo on her chair with sundry little kicks,
And all the floor is scattered o'er with fragments of the
fray,
To tell us Baby's writing to her Daddy far away.

The letter is a long one, for scores of sheets are used,
And every one bears witness to the way it's been abused.
A page for every word she takes, she quite ignores the lines,
While each one, as it's written, to oblivion she consigns;
Then proudly for an envelope Miss Baby now will call,
And she fills it full of paper, with no writing on at all.
The address is so illegible, I must regret to say,
It's doubtful if 'twill ever reach dear Daddy far away.

HELP WANTED.

WE went housekeeping, Maud and I,
And vainly both of us did try
A maid to find, but none came by,
The *desired* girl.

At last, after a search of years,
Of offers golden—copious tears,
Upon the threshold there appears
The *hired* girl;

A maid from Erin's Emerald Isle,
Of foot-thick brogue and yard-wide smile,
Who slept all day and snored the while,
The *tired* girl.

At last, one silent, fateful night,
An Irish maid took sudden flight,
And on the sidewalk did alight
The *fired* girl.

WILLIE'S OPINION OF BABIES.

I ALWAYS thought that babies, they was kind of useless things,
For none of them can use their legs, an' none of them has wings.
They're funny little helpless mites, can't neither walk nor fly,
An' they ain't no use for nothin', except to bawl an' cry.
Pa says we all was babies once, but guess that can't be so,
An' if we was, then my ideals has got a fearful blow.
For if Washington an' Lafayette ate pap an' used to cry,
You'll please excuse poor Willie if he thinks it's time to die.

When of Washington I think, an' Napoleon the First,
A-bein' little babies all cuddled up an' nurst,
A-suckin' of a bottle, an' a-rubbin' of their nose,
An' a-trying might an' main to fill their little mouths with toes,
An' eatin' paddy goric, an' kickin' up a din,
Because of close connections with some unsafe safety pin,
Then my heart is just clean broken, an' if some dark corner's nigh,
I feel like crawlin' in it an' a-layin' down to die.

It's just a horrid shame to go an' burst a boy's ideals.
It simply breaks a feller up, you don't know how it feels.
To think of mighty Washington, who crossed the Delaware,
The man who fought ten thousand foes, and never turned a hair!
The Father of his Country, a-sprawlin' on the floor
An' yellin' murder, 'cause of pains beneath his pinafore.
Oh! it drives me wild an' frantic, an' I feel I want to fly
An' take my torn an' bleeding heart to some far land an' die.

I thought that mighty Washington was half a god like Jove,
An' had a fiery chariot, an' fiery horses drove,
An' bounced down from the clouds at dawn, an' put King George to flight;
An', when the red-coats all was licked, went back agen at night.
A sort of close relation to Olympus Jove, Esquire,
Who roasted red-hot thunderbolts before his kitchen fire.
But Washington was just a boy, ate cake an' yelled for pie.
So please excuse poor Willie if he crawls away to die.

An' thus I was a-musin' an' a-nursin' brother Ben;
I'd push his carriage up the block an' half-way home agen,
When Jimmy Doolan came along, an' Jim so cheeky got,
There wasn't nothin' else to do but thrash him on the spot;
An' as I was a-doin' it, my baby brother he
Just cooed, an' laughed, an' stomped his feet, an' went just wild with glee,
An' when I licked that Doolan boy, his little hands he claps,
An' made me think that Wash'ton was a baby once—perhaps.

One morning Aunt Jemima put Ben into bed with me;
He was suckin' at his bottle, an' I thought 'twould be a spree
To pull the rubber from his mouth, an' see what he would do;
An' so I did, an', in a jiff, into a rage he flew,
An' doubled up his little fists an' pummeled me right there,
An' rolled his eyes, an' snorted fierce, an' pulled my nose an' hair,
An' gave me such a-hidin' that for help I had to call.
So Washington an' Nap', I guess, were babies, after all.

A FEW THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

HEY'RE a-fixing up the turkey, they're a-touching up the sass,
They're cuttin' up the pumpkin' pie—it's handier to pass;
They've got the ol' plum puddin' a-sizzlin' in the pot,
An' the vegetables, Mandy says, will all be pipin' hot.
So, now, it is my privilege, an' honor, for to go
An' tap a keg of cider in the cellar down below;
I'm the only one who'll touch it, an' I'm going to tell you pat,
Of all Thanksgiving blessings, I am thankful most for that.

We've got a crowd invited to the dinner; there's Bill Hubbs,
You recollect ol' Bill, of course, what married Widder Grubbs.
An' there's ol' Joshua Tadpole, what sparked Jemima Gee,
Without exaggeratin', he can eat enough for three;

An', when the good ol' turkey shows itself upon the deck,
Mandy takes good care to see ol' Joshua gets the neck.
The doctor's stopped Josh eating' said he'd suffocate in fat—
So humbly ask a blessin', an' thank Providence for that.

Nell Quackenbush is comin', too, of course you all know Nell,
Her eyes are like twin vi'lets; she's the Hick'ry Corners belle.
An' the most romantic thing on earth, no feller will deny,
Is when Nell's pearly teeth shut down on half a pumpkin pie.
Nell always sits right next to me, an' when I pass the cheese,
Or cake and cream, she bows perlite, an' gives my hand a squeeze.
Mandy, she wears glasses, an' is blind 'er than a bat;
She don't see half that's goin' on—let's thankful be for that!

The minister's a-comin', he's a man we all hold dear;
(Eats as tho' he hadn't tasted food for half a year.)
An' the way he says the blessin'—it's a blessin' short and slim—
Shows turkey, not religion's, got the upper hand of him.
His wife, too, was invited—say, that woman talks a streak;
Can't get a word in edgeways, if you waited for a week;
She's bedfast with the rheumatiz, an' sicker than a cat,
So pulverize the turkey, an' thank Providence for that!

Ol' Doctor Squills, alas! can't come—you know old Doc, of course;
He'll practice on a human being, or medicate a horse.

Doc never went to college, but he'll kill a man as slick,
As them there city doctors can, an', maybe, twice as quick.
"Doc" ain't much good at treatin' folks, but ev'ryone allows
He's a wonder when it comes to doc'trin' horses, hens an' cows.
Doc's gone to-day to treat a hog that's sick at Poker Flat;
So, down the cranb'ry sass an' thank kind Providence for that.

We'll gather 'round the festive board that's groaning with good cheer,
For ol' Thanksgivin' only comes just one day in the year.
Don't bother 'bout dyspepsee, but let the vittles soar
To that spot assigned by nature till you just can't hold no more.
Just loosen up the buttons, an' the neckwear get untied;
So's to give the good ol' turkey room to circulate inside.
Then slide into the rocker, or stretch out upon the mat,
An' that you ain't exploded, thank kind Providence for that!

"WHEN CASEY CAME HOME SOBER."

THERE'S trouble down in Casey's block, there's heaps of trouble there,
And many an imprecation deep is flying through the air;
For Casey has disgraced himself, and the block it feels aggrieved—
For it's very proud of Casey, and it hates to be deceived.
Pat Casey never yet was known to draw a sober breath,
And Casey said that if he did 'twould surely cause his death;

And now the block is crazy, and trouble there is rife,
For Casey 's come home sober, for the first time in his life.

Pat Casey was the "mixed-ale king," the champion of his class.
He drank a half a dozen kegs while others drained a glass.
The block was madly proud of him, and now it feared to lose
The glorious reputation of its uncrowned king of booze.
So ev'ry growler, duck and can was quickly on the chase,
And quarts of ale and lager soon were dashed in Casey's face,
And soon the glorious news went out to thousands 'round the door,
"The honor of the block is saved; great Casey 's full once more."

Poor Casey couldn't understand how things all came about;
He must have sobered while asleep, of that there was no doubt.
He deeply felt the sad disgrace, he keenly felt the pain.
And swore that beastly sober he would never be again.
The morals of the neighborhood he'd never more offend,
But a decent, drunken Casey he'd remain until the end;
And he promised ne'er again that he to death would scare his wife,
By coming home quite sober any more in all his life.

SETTLIN'-UP TIME.

IT'S settling time at Jones' store, and folks for miles around
For Happy Valley Corners, with their produce, now are bound;
There's Hiram Lucks, he's hauling ducks, and Bill Smith's freighting hogs.
He's going to exchange 'em for some brand-new Sunday togs.
Samanthy Denns, her eggs and hens, is going to convert
Right into sugar, coffee, tea, and gingham for a skirt;
Old Jabez Reece has squash and geese, and turkeys, too, a score;
And, bright and gay, all wend their way to Jones' general store.

It's settling time at Jones' store, and country folks all meet,
And with a hearty "Howd'y do!" each other now they greet.
"Well, Mandy Jane," says Farmer Blaine, "how's Joe, and sister Liz?"
"Joe 's good and slick," says Mandy quick, "but Liz has rheumatiz."
"How goes the crops?" says Reuben Hopps of Ebenezer Hugs.
Says Eb. "O. K. we find the hay, but fruit 's eat up with bugs."
Thus to and fro, enquiries go, from eight a. m. till four.
Then roosters crow, to let you know that settling time is o'er.

Now homeward roll, the jovial souls, along the country roads,
All blithe and gay they wend their way to scattered far abodes;
And in each wagon snugly lies all that the city yields
In rich abundance to the man who tills the smiling fields.
There's ribbons for the housewife, muslin good for Sarah Anne;
For Gran-dad there's tobacco, shirts and shoes for Ed and Dan;
And an organ for the parlor that makes melodies sublime.
No joys there are like to the joys that come with settling time.

THE CAUTIOUS LOVER.

DARLING, at last I am alone, and now take up my pen
To tell thee that, indeed, I am the happiest of men.
Thou art my first, my only love—I ne'er have loved before
(Excepting Sue and Mayme and Liz, and half a dozen more).

Oh, wondrous is this thing called love that now fills all my life!
Ah, blessed day that soon will dawn when I shall call thee wife!
Ah, then with joy, full, full will be and brimming o'er my cup
(My bliss depending on the way your father "ponies" up).

So filled am I with thoughts of thee, my heart and breast aflame,
That ev'ry wand'ring zephyr seems to murmur o'er thy name.
With thee and thoughts of thee I live, and hunger flees away—
For love is all the food I crave (and three "square" meals per day).

I pace my chamber through the night and gaze up at the stars,
And then my soul leaps forth in flight and breaks down all its bars,
And with thee, sweet, in other worlds a lover's tryst I keep
(Which proves a man can do a heap when he is fast asleep).

Thou art my life, and shouldst thou ask of me some proof of love,
To fight with dragons in the deeps or storm the heights above,
Forth, then, thy champion I would go; my love is so intense,
That for thy sake I'd gladly die (about ten centuries hence).

"HE KNEW IT THEN."

I WOOED sweet Clementina Jones,
In eloquent, impassioned tones,
And shrunk unto a bag of bones.
I wooed with tongue and pen.
I scarce could eat—I'd no desire—
I sought seclusion, twanged a lyre;
My breast burnt up with molten fire,
I knew what *love* was then.

I pressed my suit—and at her feet
My heart I laid, and fortune neat;
Then told her how that poor heart beat,
Beyond all mortal ken.
But icily she answered: "No,"
Then bade me from her presence go,
And, weighted 'neath a world of woe,
I knew what *grief* was then.

Another suitor came one night,
My heart was frozen at the sight;
She saw him, and her eyes flashed bright—
The handsomest of men;
He wooed, and to the altar led
She whom I loved, and they were wed;
My heart within my breast lay dead.
Despair. I knew it then.

Years passed; by chance I saw again
And met once more these lovers twain;
He fat and bald—she thin and plain—
Of children they had ten;

And, oh! I smiled with sweet content,
To find he couldn't pay his rent,
And that she squandered every cent.
Ah! *joy!* I knew it then.

BELINDA ANNE.

ON Hallowe'en night, when the logs blaze bright,
And the frost lies white on the ground,
And the bleak wind moans in dismal tones,
Then we love to gather around
The cheerful glow on the hearth; and, oh!
That's the time when Belinda Anne
Such tales will tell of what befell
When she first met the "Pollywog Man."

She said that the Pollywog had a head
That measured a yard around,
And the queerest eyes, like pumpkin pies,
And walked a foot from the ground—
She thought his shoes must be twenty-twos;
And he'd a beard of black and tan,
Which, to his disgrace, he shook in the face
Of poor Belinda Anne.

Then she told how, once, when walking about,
She came to a fairy court,
And the gallants gay, in bright array,
About her 'gan to sport.
They were choosing a queen, such a beauteous scene
Ne'er had been since the world began;
And, by gen'ral consent, the most votes went,
Of course—to Belinda Anne.

One night, she said, she'd pains in her head,
And her work wasn't half-way through—
Dishes piled in a heap—when she fell asleep,
As most of the hired girls do.
Then she woke with a start; for, bless your heart,
There stood the Pollywog Man
Washing dishes a score and scrubbing the floor,
To the joy of Belinda Anne.

POOR DOLLIE'S SICK.

READ lightly on the parlor floor,
And mind the creaking stair;
Be careful not to slam the door;
And, Fido, don't you dare
To bark, or even wag your tail;
And see the clocks don't tick,
For Dollie's health's begun to fail.
And, oh! she's very sick.

The doctor's here! his looks are grave,
He sounds poor Dollie's chest,
And asks what kind of food she craves,
And if she can digest
Her meals; and pulse and temperature
He takes, and starts to stick
Some plaster on the wounds, to cure
Poor Dollie where she's sick.

We none of us exactly know
Just what is the disease
Poor Dollie's got, but there's a flow
Of sawdust, if you please,

From limbs, and joints, and ribs and bones;
So hurry, now, be quick!
Fetch little "Doctor" Willie Jones;
For, oh! poor Dollie's sick.

Then, next her arm he vaccinates,
(A toasting-fork is used),
And Dollie's mamma he berates,
And says she has abused
Her daughter's health; and, also, we
Sent for him in the nick
Of time to save her life; for she
Is very, very sick.

Her temp'rature's a "thousand," and
Her pulse is nine-naught-two,
But "Doctor" Jones can understand
Her case, and pull her through;
He takes an apple for his fee—
All fears we now dispel;
And, as he bows and leaves, we see—
Hey, presto! Dollie's well!

BABY'S FIRST SUNDAY IN CHURCH.

'TWAS a great event in baby's life
When first to church she went;
She cried for weeks to go, until
Her mamma gave consent.
Now, up the aisle she's proudly marched,
Most gloriously arrayed,
Decked out in all her Sunday best,
And not one bit afraid.

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She promised, oh, to be so good,
And never say a word;
But, as she toddled up the aisle,
The congregation heard
A little baby's voice repeat
(As baby's always do),
"Does ev'rybody, mamma, know
That all my clothes are new?"

At length she's seated, and, amazed,
She gazes all around;
And, when the organ starts to play,
She marvels at the sound;
And, soon again, in accents clear,
Are heard these childish words:
"Oh, mamma, what's the man a-doing
With the dicky birds?"
In trooped the choir-boys all in white,
And baby's face was then
A study that no brush could paint,
No; neither could a pen;
And baby's mamma's face took on
A brilliant hue of red
As baby said: "Look, mamma!
Little boys all going to bed!"

Of course, when all stood up to sing,
Then baby stood up, too,
Perched high upon a hassock,
To command a better view.
She had to have a hymn-book,
And made poor mamma frown;
For, when the place was found for her,
She turned it upside down.

A lengthy sermon now began;
She glanced the books all o'er,
And longed so much to gather them,
And play at "keeping store."
But the sermon wearied baby so,
Her eyes they ceased to roam,
And a plaintive voice said: "I'se so tired;
Please, mamma, take me home."

WHAT BOYS AND GIRLS ARE MADE OF.

A LITTLE boy was talking to a pretty little maid,
And the matter was of import and of weight.
The discussion took a turn from which we much can learn,
If we study it and then investigate.
The little girl had said that she'd heard, or somewhere read,
That the things which constitute a little miss,
From the bottom of her toes to her airy, fairy nose
Were ingredients fashioned somewhat after this:

Sugar and spice, things lovely and nice, candy and caramels, too;
Sunbeams' rays from bright golden days, and roses all wet with dew.
Peaches and cream, and love's own dream, likewise come to the aid of
Dame Nature old, when the compound's rolled, of which little girls are made of.

Then the little boy's blue eyes somewhat expressed surprise,
And from his looks perhaps 'twould be inferr'd
He'd a most decided doubt in his little mind about
The truth of what he recently had heard.

Though he did not quite dissent; yet still, of course, he meant
His sex's cause to then and there uphold,
So what constitutes a boy, with proper manly joy,
His little lips with eloquence now told.

A heart of gold, a lion so bold, an eagle on the wing,
Spice of the East, honey, at least, enough for the feast of a king.
The whole earth's dower of strength and power, for nothing is he afraid of;
Beauty and health, and love and wealth—that's what little boys are made of.

She heard somewhat dismayed, as these compounds were arrayed,
But she questioned not, nor did she try to check.
But, a little later on, he chanced to light upon
Some insect strange, and placed it on her neck.
And, oh—a scene ensued, for a sudden storm had brewed;
Indignantly she shook her golden curls,
And right then we learned from both, what constitutes the growth
Of those funny things called little boys and girls.

Toads and frogs, and queer puppy dogs, mice and owls and bats.
All things that creep and make you weep, lizards, worms and cats.
Vinegar, snails, tarantulas' tails and things we're much afraid of;
Mosquitoes, rats, tin-cans and old hats—little boys and girls are made of.

DIVORCE ON THE BRAIN.

WHEN on this worldly scene I came my name was Willie Black,
But Ma and Pa they disagreed, and trouble came, alack!
In fighting mood, Ma interviewed the judge, and he endorsed
Ma's view of things, and Pa took wings; the poor man was divorced.
A few moons flew and then a new Papa appeared in sight;
On Willie Black I turned my back, and I was Willie White.

Poor Mr. White, Ma squelched him quite, he didn't dare to speak,
My brand-new Pop, I sized him up and said, "You'll last a week."
Ma's biscuits prized he criticized, and said that they were lead.
Just one he ate, ah! cruel Fate, next morning he was dead.
A short month sped, again Ma wed; once more all was serene,
The name of White swift took its flight and I was Willie Green.

Poor Papa Green one night got mean; he said Ma's choc'late cake
Was far behind the special kind his mother used to make.
That made Ma r'iled, and Lawyer Wild sued Dad without remorse.
The Judge said Green too fresh had been and gave Ma her divorce.
Then suitors came Ma's hand to claim, and in a week or two
I shed the mean old name of Green, and now was Willie Blue.

Poor Papa Blue, Ma's wrath soon drew, for when she sang one night,
Her voice he said would wake the dead and put a hog to flight.
That settled him; one evening dim the lawyers talked it o'er.
Divorce came next on some pretext and Ma was free once more.
I'd scarce been Blue a week or two, when off we went to town.
A new Papa they found for Ma, and I was Willie Brown.

Poor Papa Brown, he got called down the day that he was wed;
He kissed Ma's niece, she screamed "Police!" and threw things at his head.
Divorce ensued, then Ma was wooed by Mr. Long, but he
Did not stay long, for things went wrong with him immediately.
As soon as Ma had fixed Long Pa and got decrees from court,
I said "so long" to Willie Long, and I was Willie Short.

Poor Papa Short, his time was short; then followed Smith and Payne,
Next Knight and Day, for Ma, they say, had divorce on the brain.
As husbands new appeared in view my mother dear you'd find
Had shoved and rolled my Papa old out in the yard behind.
When I left home this morn to roam my name was Willie White,
But it may be Green or Black or Blue when I get home to-night.

* * * * * * *

My name don't ask, 'twould be a task to answer right away,
But I'll tell you when I know who Ma's married to to-day.

SUE AND HER KIMONO.

AWFUL trouble round the house, the folks have all been sick,
I had to get the doctor, and I had to get him quick.
Such runnin' and such chasin', well I guess you never saw,
An hour or more we worked before we got a word from Maw.
You'll wonder just what brought about this dreadful state of things,
Well, Sis you know she went to town to stay with Sallie Bings,
We thought that she'd return to-night, but got a wire to say,
"My kimono's got to be cut out, so can't get home to-day!"

You never saw the like of it, when we received that wire;
Mom she turned as pale as death, Dad's overalls caught fire,
For in the wild excitement, poor Father lost his head,
He missed the chair, and in despair, sat on the stove instead.
Poor Mom was wild, cried, "Oh, my child!" then said that she allowed
She saw last night Sue's ghost in white, all dressed up in a shroud.
And then she said she'd heard and read, and doctors' books they proved,
That you'd die stiff directly if your kimono was removed.

Mom she fainted on the floor, I left her with Doc Brown,
While Dad and I hitched up the team and started into town.

The way I made that old team fly just caused the folks surprise;
Dad sat beside me pale as death, tears dripping from his eyes.
At last we struck the hospital, Dad rushed into the hall,
For doctors and for nurses he at once began to bawl.
The doctors came, said Dad, "A shame it is to grieve and fret,
But tell me, do, is my poor Sue's kimono cut out yet?"

The doctors laughed right in Dad's face, it made him hopping wild,
Said he, "Laugh on, you butchers, but respect my poor dead child."
They laughed again the louder, and showed us to the door,
Then off we flew to look for Sue, and searched the city o'er;
But no undertaker, doctor, no drug man and no quack,
Our gal had seen, and sad and mean, to home we hustled back.
When home was reached with pain Ma screeched, and said she felt and knew
She'd got "kimonoitis," and must have hers cut out, too.

And thus Ma spoke, our hearts were broke, when in the room rushed Sue.
Ma keeled right over in a faint, Dad through the window flew.
"Ghosts! ghosts!" he yelled, ere he was quelled, the neighbors, half a score,
Were crawling through the window, or a-pounding on the door.

Then Sue's dispatch Dad showed, old Scratch broke loose,
my, how she laughed;
Her kimono Sue put on, and you can bet poor Dad got
chaffed;
Ma's kimono they cut out to-day, Dad didn't even sob,
For a tailor, not a surgeon, was on hand to do the job.

A MONOTONOUS MENU.

LAST summer where I went to board
They killed a hog, and then, oh, Lord!
For one whole week, with knife and fork
We jabbed, and slashed, and ate but *pork*.

The hog all eaten, next a steer
Was killed and put on ice, oh, dear!
I never thought we'd get relief,
For one whole week we lived on *beef*.

Next day they killed and "iced" a sheep;
The boarders murmured loud and deep.
No change had we of fowl or lamb,
But seven long days we lived on *lamb*.

Then next they killed and put on ice
A calf—ye gods! slice after slice,
Without a change from meal to meal,
We wretches lived a week on *veal*.

The veal all gone, the hired man died,
And then more trouble I espied,
For when on ice they put him, too,
I'd visions of him in the *stew*.

* * * * * * *

P.S.—That's where I paid my board and flew.

SERIOUS POEMS.

SERIOUS POEMS.

WHERE ARE ALL THE OLD BOYS?

HERE are all the Old Boys? Where are the dear Old Boys,
Who shared those glorious school-days with all their boisterous joys;
Who drank deep draughts at Wisdom's fount of knowledge undefiled,
And shook the earth with shouts of mirth, while blue skies ever smiled?
Oh! gladsome, happy old school chums, to what spheres have you flown?
In these sad times, what lands and climes now claim you as their own?
Ye stars above, oh! tell me, answer, ye zephyrs rare.
Oh! Where are all the Old Boys, and echo answers "where?"

Oh! Where are all the Old Boys? You'll find them if you come
And view the starry banner, and mark where'er the drum,
With throbbing beat is calling Columbia's sons to arms,
And the very earth is trembling with the battle's wild alarms.
Where'er the fight is fiercest with the shriek of shot and shell;
Wherever blood runs freest, and all resembles hell;
Where hopes forlorn are to be led, or there's a death to dare
The Old Boys you will find them. You'll find the Old Boys there.

Oh! Where are all the Old Boys? Look down upon the Veldt,
Where sky and earth, in purple haze, like molten metals melt;
Where mother Earth is storing her hoard of precious gold,
And none can wrest it from her, save he who's strong and bold.
Look to Alaska's fastness of solitude and ice;
Look 'cross the blue Pacific to the lands of palm and spice,
Where fickle Fortune's to be wooed for smiles so few and rare;
The Old Boys you will find them. You'll find the Old Boys there.

Where'er America's glorious flag majestically waves
Its sheltering folds, and savage lands from heathen darkness saves,
Where awful plague and pestilence are wrestled with and fought,
Where val'rous deeds by flood and field are daily to be wrought,
Where Pagan races piteously cry out for Light and Grace,
Where sacrifice of self is asked, and Death met face to face,
Where suff'ring man for succor calls, and there's a cross to bear,
The Old Boys you will find them. You'll find the Old Boys there.

Where burning suns scorch up the earth, and blister Nature's face,
Where jungle, swamp and tropic growth stretch into distant space,
Where mighty rivers madly race toward the distant deeps,
Rise little mounds of stone that mark the spot where someone sleeps.

Oh! attered over all the earth, in distant solitudes,
Where Nature ever scorns to be, save in her fiercest moods,
Those lonesome mounds are heaving in the fever-laden air,
Our Old Boys 'neath them sleeping. You'll find the Old Boys there.

Yes; scattered to the four winds, gone where? God only knows!
Beneath the blistering sun-god, or blinding Arctic snows.
Still gone, and gone forever. Let's drop no idle tear;
We, too, must follow like them—for none can linger here.
Save for the fleeting moments the rolling years unfold,
The "new boy" that we greet to-day, to-morrow is the "old."
But in a land they're gathering, a land that's blest and fair;
Beyond the skies we'll meet them. We'll meet the Old Boys there.

"THE CHRISTMAS OF '92."

(The Actor's Story.)

I SHALL never forget the Christmas,
The Christmas of Ninety-two;
I was sick out West in a hospital,
With no chance of pulling through;
I'd been on the road but a month or so,
When I suddenly came down sick;
And, though weak as a rat, and suff'ring much,
I stuck to my work like a brick.

But a time there comes, when you've got to give up—
When courage no longer will do,
And one night on the stage I staggered and fell,
And that was the last I knew
Till I woke next day in a hospital,
And woke up, alas! to find
The company folks had all gone ahead,
While I was left sick, behind.

It nigh broke my heart when I realized
The pitiful plight I was in.
I hadn't had time to put by a cent,
And my purse it was terribly thin,
But under my pillow a note I found;
And, ere it was half read through,
The tears—well, they trickled all down my cheeks,
And I didn't know what to do.
The boys had chipped in, and raised quite a sum,
And the letter, it went on and told
How they hoped I'd soon be up and around.
God bless 'em, 'twas better than gold.
I turned on my side in a dazed sort of way,
When my eyes, by accident, fell
On a note addressed to Jack Barnes, Esquire.
In a second I knew 'twas from Nell.

Sweet Helen Boyd was our leading soubrette,
A girl that was simply sublime.
I loved her at sight, but said not a word,
Though she knew it, I guess, all the time.
I learned from the nurse, when the boys brought me in,
That Nell was right there by my side,
And when they all bade me a silent adieu,
Nell kissed me, and broke down and cried.

Oh, the joy of those words, and, sick as I was,
I felt my heart dancing with mirth,
And places I wouldn't for millions have changed
With all the crowned monarchs on earth.
"Dear Mr. Barnes"—Just a short, friendly note,
But what kept me all night wide awake,
Was the little "P. S." she put at the end,
"Get well, if you can, for my sake."

Oh, the agony grim of those terrible weeks
For typhoid is far from a joke;
Never a friend to cheer with a smile,
Far—far from kindred and folk.
'Twas agony, yes, but think of the joy,
When at last I began to get well,
And could lie there and weave most exquisite dreams
And in Paradise wander with Nell.
But the horrible thought, it would haunt me at times.
Maybe I had passed from her mind;
That pity alone might have caused her to write.
And then, too, no doubt, she would find
New faces to make her forget about me.
The thought brought the tortures of hell,
And I wished that the fever had carried me off,
And never had let me get well.

It was Christmas Day in the hospital,
And it fell on a Sunday, too.
My money had vanished, and everything gone,
And I felt despondent and blue;
I was thinking of home and those far away—
You know how a fellow will dwell
On thoughts like to that, when a voice it said "Jack!"
And there by my side stood Nell!

I thought 'twas a vision, but 'twas Nell sure enough,
And she put her dear face down to mine;
The tears filled her eyes as she proffered her lips.
Oh, the joy of that kiss—divine.
And Nell held my hand, and told me the news—
The Comp'ny was just passing through.
"I got leave to miss just a train, Jack," she said,
"And came to spend Christmas with you."

"Get well, dear old boy," she said, e'er she left;
"Get well just as quick as you can.
Your part—I fixed it with Manager Jones—
Is yours, for the other new man
We got in your place, his acting is vile.
So give that old bed, dear, the shake,
And come back and join us, Jack dear, once more;
Ah, do, laddie dear, for my sake—
For it's terribly lonely without you, boy,
I've missed you, I can't tell you how."
Then she put her dear head once more down to mine,
And the angels above heard a vow
That when I was well, and our season was o'er,
We'd link both our fortunes in life,
And Nell murmured "Husband" ere parting from me.
While I whispered tenderly, "Wife."

Ah! many a Christmas has now passed away,
Since the Christmas of Ninety-two,
But that is the Christmas I love best of all,
And will, till life's over and through,
For it gave me my Nell, the best little girl
That ever drew breath in the world;
It gave me the rosy-cheeked, golden-haired lass,
Whose arms 'round my neck now are curled;

It gave me back health, and that brought me wealth;
It pointed the pathway to fame.
That sickness, a blessing it was in disguise;
And God, you see's good, just the same.
And the dear, loving eyes now smiling at me,
So winsome and winning and true,
In my heart still hold sway, as on that blest day,
The Christmas of "Ninety-two."

LITTLE MAID WITH THE LAUGHING EYES.

DEAR little maid with the laughing eyes,
Putting to blush the blue of the skies,
Gazing entranced on a world so fair,
Never a trouble and never a care;
Ah, what a pity; ah, lack-a-day,
You cannot remain as you are alway.

Dear little maid with the laughing eyes,
Looking at us in sweet surprise,
Soon the years o'er your head will have rolled,
Silvering white your locks of gold;
Merciless Time, your chariot stay,
And let fair youth linger here alway.

Sweet little maid with the laughing eyes,
Care in the future for each there lies;
Revel in youth with its golden dreams,
Drift down Fairyland's mystic streams—
Care-free and happy, joyous and gay;
Sad 'tis we cannot be young alway.

THE BOY WHO TALKED AND THE BOY WHO DID.

ELOQUENT James was his father's pride,
Great things were predicted for him.
His fame it was blazoned both far and wide,
And everyone raved about Jim.
But Jim's brother John was a silent youth,
'Twas seldom he had much to say;
He gloried in honor, in work, and in truth,
And quietly went on his way.
But a crowd of folks 'round Jim ever hung,
For they seemed quite enraptured to hear
This wonderful youth with the voluble tongue,
Whose voice rang impassioned and clear
As he talked, and talked, eternally talked
Of his plans, ambitions, and aims,
And 'round like a peacock strutted and walked
This wonderful orator, James.

While Jim talked on, in his masterful way,
Of what he was going to do,
John bravely toiled through the heat of the day
With his own and Jim's work to do.
For if one but talks, then his share of the work,
And I think this plain to us all,
Must pass from the one who does nothing but shirk,
On the back of a brother to fall.
When work needed doing, Jim's voice it was raised,
As he lazily lolled in the sun,
And ere his advice had been passed on and praised,
John had the work over and done.

On memory's tablet this fact should be chalked,
For the fact can no longer be hid,
That James was the boy who looked on and talked,
While John, he accomplished and did.

A troublesome mortgage hung over the farm—
Threats came, it would soon be foreclosed;
The outlook was dark, and viewed with alarm;
Jim protested, orated, and posed.
Of mankind's injustice he'd rave by the hour,
At capital fiercely he'd scoff,
While John seemed inspired with additional power,
And soon he had paid the thing off.
Folks now realized how foolish they'd been,
And eloquent James they ignored;
They saw he was naught but a talking-machine,
Henceforth it was John they adored.
For, though sounding phrases may dazzle awhile,
If to fame and success you would mount,
Fortune alone on true effort will smile;
For, with man and God, deeds only count!

RELIGIOUS.

"GOD KNOWS BEST!"

I REMEMBER the time, in my earlier days, when I
used to be worried in mind
O'er the way that God had of directing the
spheres, and ruling o'er all human kind;
I would think over this, and study o'er that, for 'twas all
a great myst'ry to me,
And then I'd decide that God's ways they were not just all
that God's ways ought to be.
Impetuous youth it will question; aye, yes! and even, at
times, 'twill condemn
The ways of the great Jehovah himself, though his ways
are beyond mortal ken;
But, ah! when the years they have ripened the mind, and
life's evening shadows they fall,
Then we're free to confess, as we ask God to bless, that
'twas He who knew best, after all.

I have looked in the eyes of an agonized wife, as a wee, lit-
tle life ebbed away;
I have felt in my breast the turmoil and strife, as we gazed
on the poor, silent clay;
I have felt fierce rebellion sweep up in my soul, as I
yearned for that little one's kiss,
And I've said, as the tears down my cheeks 'gan to roll,
"Could a merciful God have done this?"
But, ah! when the first throb of anguish was past, when
the wounds were less jagged and sore,
I thought of that babe in the bright world above, an angel
of God's evermore.

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven," Christ said, then
the wife to my side I would call,
And I'd point to the skies, and we'd both dry our eyes, for
'twas God who knew best, after all.

I have seen this man rise, and that one ascend, to affluence,
fortune and fame,
And I've envied the friends I knew in my youth, who have
made for themselves quite a name;
And I thought God was harsh that he willed I should toil,
while others around lived at ease—
The full cup of fortune was theirs first to drink, while I'd
naught to drain but the lees.
But now I can see, in the evening of life, as I follow God's
methods divine,
That not one of the lives I envied so much has been blessed
so completely as mine;
And I would not change places with one of the friends of
those envious days I recall,
Which makes it quite plain, all over again, that it's God
who knows best, after all.

As now I look back o'er the years of my life, and pass ev'ry
one in review,
And weigh up its pleasures, its cares and its strife, as a
man bowed with years oft will do,
I can see how I wronged the Almighty above when I ques-
tioned His mandates divine,
And I'm glad I was led through the years by His love, re-
gardless of wishes of mine,
For I could not foresee where ambition would lead, as I
yearned above others to climb;
But ambition is oft but a cloak for mere greed, and God
could foresee all the time.

And not one single thing the Almighty has done would I
alter, no matter how small;
From beginning to end, I've had God as a friend, and 'twas
He who knew best, after all.

It has ever been thus, and 'twill ever be thus, in the Al-
mighty's wonderful plan;
The Father all wise, in His home in the skies, knows what's
best for the children of man;
When the grief's hard to bear, our heart-strings may tear,
and dazed we may be by the blow,
But 'twill all be made plain, let that ease your pain, and
the reason we some day shall know.
When our patience God tries, ah! don't criticize, but with
meekness bow down to His will,
For whate'er may betide, Christ still doth abide, and God,
He our Father is still;
Just do what is right, keep your faith ever bright, for not
even a sparrow doth fall,
But in Heaven 'tis known, so let's joyfully own, that God
knoweth best, after all.

"GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF ME."

MANY a year has winged its flight since mother
passed away;
Many a year, but ever near, still seems that
solemn day
When down I knelt and gently felt the hand so frail and
white,
And gazed into those eyes anew, now lit with Heaven's own
light.

The silence broke when mother spoke, 'twas but a whispered word,
But, oh, how oft those words so soft, my inmost soul have stirred.
"We'll meet again," she said, "where pain and sorrow cannot be;
Your eyes are wet, John, dear; don't fret, God will take care of me!"

I wasn't just the best of boys, I wasn't just the worst;
But when those words fell on my ears, my tears in torrents burst.
I realized that all I prized, and held most dear in life,
Would soon depart; it broke my heart, and cut me like a knife.
I saw the blank, the awful blank, if Providence should make
Me motherless, and my distress caused her again to take
My hand and say: "John, work and pray; be honest, brave and true;
Just learn to love the One above, and He'll take care of you!"

On roll the years. List to those cheers, mark that brave line of blue;
'Tis hard, I know, but I must go; the old flag needs me, too.
"We're coming, Father Abraham!" Oh! wife, dear, heed that song,
And it will make your courage wake, your heart beat true and strong.
The babe's asleep; once more I'll creep and kiss him—then farewell.
Just one brave smile to cheer me while I face the shot and shell.

The long day through, my thoughts to you will turn so tenderly.
Wipe that dear eye; be brave, don't cry; God will take care of me.

By camp-fire bright, these lines I write; for, ah, my thoughts will roam,
After the strife, to you, dear wife, and our beloved home.
A year has gone, the old flag's torn, but still floats proudly o'er
The shattered host, now but a ghost of what it was of yore.
The live-long day the bloody fray has swept from side to side.
The North and South at cannon's mouth; let Gettysburg decide
Which cause shall win. Ere I turn in, these lines I write, I see
You all so clear; don't worry, dear, God will take care of me!

Once more the roar of guns sweep o'er the valley and the plain,
And far and near the ringing cheer sweeps up in vict'ry's train.
"The boys are home!" the very dome of heaven with joy is rent,
And heads are bare when muttered prayer breathes out a heart's content.
Two eyes seek mine, two eyes that shine with love; ah, words are tame
To tell the bliss when wee lips kiss my cheek, and lisp my name.

Ah, me! that night, what rapt delight, with babe upon my knee,
And wife at rest upon my breast!—God did take care of me.

If I but glide on mem'ry's tide; ah, then can I supply
A thousand instances to show how Providence is nigh,
To shield from foes, and guard all those who put their faith and trust
In one Great God Omnipotent, all merciful and just,
'Tis not for long, ah, soon the song, the blessed angels sing
In brighter spheres, will greet my ears as Heavenward I wing.
When back are rolled the Gates of Gold, I'll cry: "Ah, mother, see!
I'm here at last, all sorrows past, God did take care of me!"

THE PASSING OF THE OLD CHURCH.

HEY want to close the old church, and build them one that's new,
And soon its days of glory will have faded from our view.
No longer will its walls resound to hymns of praise and prayer,
And naught but mem'ries will remain of precious worship there.
No more its loud hosannas will heavenward ascend;
For, like all things on earth, alas! it, too, must have an end.
'Tis out of date and style, they say—at least the young folks do—
So they want to close the old church, and build them one that's new.

"Out of date and out of style?" Why, once we thought it grand,
And not a church to equal it existed in the land;
And we scarce could muster patience when traveling folks came home
And raved of London's Abbey and St. Peter's there in Rome.
There were grander, bigger churches—yes, that we'd freely own,
But we felt that ours was nearer to the Father's Great White Throne,
That its prayers were answered quicker, and more grace and blessings drew,
Than any other church on earth, be that church old or new.

Fourscore long years have passed away since first to church I came,
And here alone, in all the world, things still are much the same.
The same old "Rock of Ages" rings out inspiringly,
And "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Nearer, my God, to Thee,"
Have yet the old-time sweetness so full of trust and love;
And they seem to lift my very soul to mansions up above,
As I stand right up and sing them in our old family pew.
Ah! they'll never sound like that again in any church that's new.
Ah! well can I remember when mother took my hand
And led me first to our old church, which, like the promised land,
Stretched out before my wond'ring gaze, and still I feel the awe
That fell upon my childish soul when first God's house I saw.

The hassock mother knelt upon is in the same old place;
The Bible's there, all stained with tears that fell from her dear face;
And here it was we bade her soul that solemn last adieu.
Ah! leave me but the old church, and you can have the new.

Within these walls I first received the blessed broken bread,
And took the cup in memory of the precious life-blood shed,
And supped with Him who said: "Do this in memory of Me,"
That I might live eternally, and from all sin be free.
'Twas here I felt the meaning of a purer, holier life;
'Twas here the solemn words were said which gave to me a wife,
And here, at last, we breathed a prayer, when her soul to heav'n flew.
Ah! her spirit haunts the old church; don't tell me of the new.

'Twas here I brought my little ones, to train them in the way
That leads from this dim shadow-land to realms of brightest day.
Here, too, they broke the "Bread of Life," and up there in the choir
Their voices rose in hymns of praise that mounted high and higher,
And soared right up to heaven's gate; ah! how my soul was stirred,
For God, I knew, inspired that song, and he surely must have heard,

For angels took the song to him—and took the singers, too—
And all that's left 's the old church—I ne'er could love a new.

'Tis sad to think the dear old church will crumble and decay,
To live no more but as a dream that comes at close of day.
It seemed to me a very part of God's eternal shore;
A spot that Great Jehovah threw his shelt'ring mantle o'er;
A mighty Rock of Ages in the shifting sands of time,
Where storms of doubt and change might break, but ne'er its base could climb.
And so my heart in sadness now sends up a human cry
That the things I deemed immortal, alas! must droop and die.

So, brethren, do not take from me the only link that's left
'Twixt earth and heaven of mem'ries sad and sweet to one bereft,
Who oft has prayed that Time would pass this spot, so sacred, by
And let me worship in this house in peace until I die.
But if, alas! 'tis not to be, and the dear old place *must* go,
There's one blest thought sweet comfort brings, thank God! it helps me so—
Though church, wife, children pass away, through all eternity
The dear, good God, who changes not, will still "abide with me."

SUNDAY IN THE OLD CHURCH.

OH, those Sundays in the old church, in the days of long ago,
How pleasantly life's placid stream unruffled used to flow.
My childish soul knew nothing, then, of "higher criticism,"
Of practices unorthodox, and other kinds of schism.
Just simple, childish, lovely faith was all I knew so pure.
Ah, sad it is; ah, cruel 'tis, such faith will not endure
As once it did in those dear days by memory now arrayed,
When we sang the old hymns over, and the pastor preached and prayed.

God's day of rest a haven was of quiet and content,
And Nature hushed her hum of noise, and acquiescence lent;
For Nature's God from Sinai had issued his decree,
And holy calm fell down upon the meadow and the lea.
The glorious bells their tidings glad to all the country tolled,
And called belated worshipers to gather in the fold.
And once within that fold secure, no sheep e'er felt afraid
When we sang the old hymns over, and the pastor preached and prayed.

No time for ceremonious form, though all was reverent there—
One thought alone pervades the mind, the thought of praise and prayer;

No ranks of surpliced choristers distract the mind and eye,
But each one sang his hymn of praise; and, as it rose on high,
A glorious, mighty volume, it swept about God's throne,
To blend with angel voices, as though it was their own;
Then rushed with light and gladness hell's darkness to invade,
When we sang the old hymns over, and the pastor preached and prayed.

I see the grand old pastor, with radiant, noble face
And glorious voice that never tired in telling of the grace
That's waiting for the sinner who will take his load of care
With a humble and a contrite heart to Christ and leave it there.
Oh, blessed words of comfort, yet never half so sweet
As when he gently led you to God's holy mercy seat,
And you saw heaven's gate wide open, and its glories all displayed,
When we sang the old hymns over, and the pastor preached and prayed.

"As through a glass now darkly" was not the way he saw—
His glass was purest crystal, and never knew a flaw;
No clouds were e'er obscuring heaven's wonders from his eyes,
For God to him had given the faith that looks beyond the skies
And views the mansions there prepared for such of those who love
To tread the path the Saviour trod, and follow Him above.
And few, indeed, if any, from that narrow pathway strayed,
When we sang the old hymns over, and the pastor preached and prayed.

If e'er he condescended to acknowledge doubt or fear,
A splendid sight our pastor, then, it was to see and hear.
His voice rang like the blast that shook the walls of Jericho,
And unbelief and scoffing pride were routed and laid low;
He towered like a giant, his eyes flashed scorn and fire,
The "God of Battles" came to earth his efforts to inspire,
And the hosts of sin and Satan were vanquished and dismayed
When we sang the old hymns over, and the pastor preached and prayed.

And then the sword avenging, he suddenly would sheathe,
His voice to wooing whispers sank, a smile his face would wreathe.
The "God of Battles" disappeared, then came the "God of Love,"
The beauteous Spirit fluttering down in semblance of a dove.
Oh, who that heard could then resist that pleading, loving tone;
Oh, who would not take up that cross, and bear it for his own?
Not I, nor you, we heard the voice and willingly obeyed,
Singing soft the old hymns over, as the pastor knelt and prayed.

Oh, would that every church on earth were like that one of old,
And every worn and weary soul at rest within its fold;
And would their earthly shepherd and their heavenly Shepherd true
Were like the ones I knew of old, and new look heavenward to!

His kingdom then would quickly come again upon the earth,
Mankind with one accord would sing: "One Lord, one Faith, one Birth,"
If we could spread that living grace that always was displayed
When we sang the old hymns over, and the pastor preached and prayed.

"PREACH JESUS TO ME."

WE'VE got a new minister coming, I hear; the old one, I'm told 's had his day.
Too old-fashioned and slow, and not up to date; at least so the younger folks say,
So the man who's grown gray in the service of God forever aside now must stand,
While a youth fresh from college, with brand-new ideas, is going to take things in hand;
And we'll hear the old truths told over again, from Genesis 'way down to Paul,
And told in the latest most new-fangled way, so that no one will know them at all.
Well, there's this much I know, whoever may come, and whoever the preacher may be,
If a blessing he wants from this old heart of mine, he's got to preach Jesus to me!

The old style of preaching the Gospel of God, with eloquence simple and strong,
Repentance, salvation, through Jesus who died, they've discovered at last is all wrong;

And, instead, we have lectures on various things—political, social, and such—
All told in a genteel, half-hearted way, with a matter-of-fact sort of touch,
And about as much use to a hungering soul, as 'twould be if you gave it a stone;
All food for the mind, for the spirit and heart, must be left most severely alone;
Not a word in the whole discourse will you hear of the Cross and of grim Calvary.
Well—such kind of fare, it may satisfy some; but you've got to preach Jesus to me.

Ah, me! what a change has come over the land, from the days that I once knew of old,
When the good pastor's voice, so grand and inspired, in sonorous majesty rolled,
And we heard the old story of God and his love, and of Jesus, the Saviour of men,
And the next Sabbath day, with the same eager hearts, we came back to hear it again.
We never grew weary, we never grew tired, of that tale of God's wonderful love;
Our religion we drew not from books or from men, but straight from the Father above,
For the grace that He gave us came down like the rain, so plenteous, so full, and so free,
And it's that blessed grace that my thirsty soul craves, so preach the dear Saviour to me.

Ah! in those good old days, a spade was a spade; and sin, it was nailed down as sin;
No trimming of sails to suit this one and that, but the shafts of the Gospel sank in

The wrong-doer's heart, and rich man or poor, face to face,
in an instant was brought
With the terrible price the sinner must pay who sets God's
commandments at naught.
No parleys with Sin, temporizing with wrong, but heart-
searching within and without.
Ah! the wonderful faith of those blessed old days, with
never a question of doubt;
Just the Bible—God's word from beginning to end—and
to those precious pages I flee,
And I pick out the texts that thrilled me with joy, when
the Saviour was first preached to me.

It's all very well, in the heyday of youth, to criticize, ques-
tion, discuss,
But to those who have reached the evening of life, ah, how
different it all is with us!
With the scythe of the Reaper coming daily more near,
and the eyes growing dimmer with age,
Oh! don't take the comfort the Holy Book gives, as we
ponder o'er each precious page;
Oh! take not away, but add, if you can, for there's nothing
to cheer our last breath—
No, nothing but those blessed pages to help, as we draw
near the portals of death.
Ah, there's naught but our Lord that can then stand be-
tween our souls and Eternity,
So give me the light of God's Gospel, and preach Christ
Jesus the Saviour to me.

Preach Jesus, Him only, and if you'll do that, there's no
other topic you'll need;
He is the food that the multitude craves, if only their
voices you'd heed,

For the world it is hungry for some one to come and arouse
it from out of its sleep,
And into the heavenly garners of God, a harvest of souls
you will reap.
It isn't that people are weary of church, or that spiritual
matters have tired,
But the preachers have strayed from the old paths of faith,
and no longer are thrilled and inspired.
So back to the Cross and the crucified One, and oh! glo-
rious the harvest will be,
And the whole world will ring with the joy of the saved—
so preach Jesus to them and to me.

"COBBLER JIM."

COBBLER JIM was happy and gay, and as his store
you passed,
You'd hear his voice above the din of the blows
that fell on his last.
His wasn't a voice of culture, nor was it a voice of power,
But as Jim sat at his bench and sang, blithely from hour
to hour,
His song would blend with that of the birds, perched in the
trees close by,
And it seemed as together they sang, the man and the bird
would try,
Which best could prove, by their happy notes, that whether
at work or play—
God's world is full of sunshine and bliss—the man at his
bench, or they.

You'll ask what caused the cobbler's joy, and what inspired his song
With that note of perfect happiness, which rang the whole day long;
What was it gave to those rugged notes a tone almost divine,
And made them seem so different from a voice like yours and mine;
What was it made the birds join in whene'er he chanced to sing,
And hover in the branches near and o'er the lintel cling.
The answer's clear, the answer's plain, and all is due to Him:
The God who gave the birds their song, inspired the notes of Jim.

Time was when Jim was a ne'er-do-well, and never a note he sang
Unless strong drink inflamed his blood, and then the tavern rang
With a flood of ribald melody, at once both coarse and rude;
Then, with an oath, he staggered home in a mean and ugly mood;
Then trouble came and sickness, and, but for a loving wife,
Right then and there would have ended the cobbler's misspent life,
And Jim resolved, when health returned, no more he'd be a clod—
He had worked and sung for the devil; now he'd work and sing for God.

And how Jim worked, and how he sang, 'twas glorious to see
No living soul upon the earth was happier than he!

And every time his hammer fell, or home a nail he drove in,
He'd say: "There goes another blow at misery and sin!"
The dogs, that never came near Jim without a blow or kick,
Saw Jim had changed, and bravely came his proffered hand to lick;
For, even in animals, the power, the instinct lies
To tell if God or Satan looks at them through human eyes.

Yes, Jim had "got religion," and it didn't make him sad—
He had the proper Christlike kind that ever makes one glad;
The kind that lights the heart and soul, and drives out gloom and fear;
The kind that fills one's life with joy and heaven itself draws near;
The kind that makes the grave itself a stepping-stone to bless—
No other kind is Christ-inspired unless it's like to this—
For misery, despair, and gloom can never have a part
In any truly Christian life when Christ is in the heart.

Let's take a leaf from out Jim's book, and when our lives seem dark
Let's join our voices with the birds, and imitate the lark,
And make our hymns of joyfulness to heaven's gates ascend,
And angels gathered 'round the throne a listening ear will lend
And join their melodies with ours, until all heaven rings
With mighty Alleuiahs grand unto the King of kings;

And God will hear our anthems, and a blessing then from
Him
Will fill our lives with sunshine, and make us just like
Jim.

GOD KNOWS.

WHEN the sea of life is stormy and o'ercast,
And the clouds of trouble gather grim and
fast,
And the heart is weary sighing
In the breast where hope lies dying,
And all the joy of life is o'er and past—
Sink not, oh, weary brother, 'neath thy woes,
Fear not the awesome tempest as it grows;
Revive thy strength declining;
For, behind the clouds now lining
Thy path, God's sun's still shining, and
He Knows!

When the still, small voice of conscience pleads in vain,
And the wayward feet stray off in Pleasure's train,
And the old, old faith's neglected,
And every thought's directed
To unhallowed ends, the lust and greed of gain;
Remember, though thine eyes thou mayest close
To the path thou'rt treading and the way it goes
Down, down the road of ruin,
With its wrecks the wayside strewing,
God grieves o'er all thou'rt doing, for
He Knows!

Take heed, oh, weary brother, in the strife;
This is not all, the thing that we call life,
With its turmoil and its laughter,
With its tears swift following after,
Its murm'rings and contentions ever rife.
There's a land far, far above the Alpine snows
Devoid of pain, and sorrows anguished throes;
There angels now entreat thee
To enter, and will meet thee
With a smile, and God will greet thee, for
He Knows!

THE ACTORS CORNER.

Dedicated to Francis Wilson, Esq.

THE ACTOR'S PRAYER GUARANTEED TO MEET ALL CONTINGENCIES.

OH, kindly Providence, I pray thee send
An angel for my guide, I need a friend;
Not one of those with feathers, robes and wings,
For, at the best, they're useless sort of things;
But one with whiskers and the needful dough
To take me on the road, so I may show
The Hayseeds, Jays, Yahoos, and such like yaps,
That I'm the greatest Genius born, perhaps.
And I would ask thee likewise to provide
A sure-thing play through which, ah, let me glide,
The cynosure of every envious eye;
And calcium by the million tanks supply,
So that the stage's center I can hog
And, bathed in radiance, put on endless "dog."

Give me week-stands, and in the Pullman cars
The lower berth; and may the hotel bars
Be gen'rous with the intoxicating cup,
And prompt the barkeep's heart to "chalk it up."
In "three-per" hostelries, oh, grant I may
Secure a rate of one cold plunk per day,
With ample table and the necessary heat,
Plus an electric bell, so I may greet
The clerks and bell-boys, much to their delight,
And keep them in a ferment day and night.

Grant that my name in letters ten feet high
May smite me as I pass the billboards by,
And ev'ry news-sheet that I chance to see,
May it contain some paragraph of me.

Some fiendish lie, perhaps, I do not care,
So that my name in good black type is there.
Grant that the girls with me may fall in love
And, after matinees, may push and shove
To see me from the stage's door emerge,
And then in serried ranks about me surge,
Falling adoringly upon their knees;
Providence, oh, send me triumphs such as these.

Oh, rid me from those all-pestiferous ills—
The tailors', butchers', bakers', printers' bills,
Shedding my obligations smilingly
By judicious dalliance with bankruptcy.
Oh, grant that she, my cumbrous, unloved spouse,
No hornet's nest about me may arouse;
For alimony grant she may not sue,
But support herself—as all good wives should do.

Send fortune golden capped, wine, women, song,
And let me walk Broadway the whole day long;
Envied and ogled down the lane to flit,
"The man that has arrived," the man that's "It."
These trifling favors grant to me, I pray,
Though more I need, this will suffice to-day,
And on account, oh, Providence, send "ten";
I guess that's all I want just now—Amen.

A NOVELTY AT LAST.

THE manager, with haughty mien, sat in his office chair;
And actresses of note and fame surged 'round about him there.
"I drove them wild last season," said a voluble soubrette,
"And from Buffalo to Kankakee they talk about me yet.
My double hand-spring kills 'em dead—laugh, well, say, they roar—
They flop right over in their seats, and roll clean on the floor.
Say, I'm the one to knock 'em cold." The manager looked vexed,
And, scarcely deigning her a word, impatiently said: "Next."

The next was shy on youth and looks, but talent shone from out
Her eyes, which blazed with genius, and then she told about
Those days with Booth and Barrett, with Jefferson and Kean,
And other stars legitimate, long vanished from the scene.
"I know your record, madam!" said the list'ning manager;
"But I'm looking for a novelty—some one to make a stir;
Some one to make the whole world talk, and play to S. R. O.
Nothing doing in your line; if there is, I'll let you know."

Approached him now a gorgeous girl, her carriage stood without:
She was of Mayflower pedigree—a girl folks raved about;

She'd wearied of society, now nothing could assuage
Her craving for excitement but a life upon the stage.
She spoke, and then the manager replied all in a breath:
"The society racket, madam, I find's been done to death;
There's not a dollar in it." The fair girl gave a pout
As the office-boy threw wide the door, and quickly bowed
her out.

Deep sighed the manager and gazed with troubled, weary
air
Upon a dashing figure that drew near his office-chair.
"You'll remember I'm the heroine of the famous Jones
divorce,"
The imperious creature rattled on; "you know of me, of
course.
I'm pictured in the papers, and my name's on every page;
The whole world's simply crazy to see me on the stage.
I'd pack the houses." "Is that so?" the manager replied.
"I'm sorry that we differ. John, show the lady, please,
outside."

Diamonds, dresses, old blue blood no longer are the thing;
Dames from high society, not a dollar do they bring.
Divorcees they are passé, not one of them will do—
Oh, pray excuse me, madam, what can I do for you?
Before him stood a woman who, for quite a little while,
Had all the country guessing in a famous murder trial.
The manager 'rose promptly, and showed her to the door,
And said: "The murder racket, ma'am, I find's been
worked before."

A prim and modest matron now into the office strayed;
The managerial X-ray eyes like searchlights on her played.
"I am a woman," she began, "who's led a blameless life;
One husband's all I ever had, I'm proud to be his wife;

I mind my business, stay at home; my scrubbing, cooking do;
I crave no costly dresses, all I have or want is two;
I never scandalize or lie; I never get enraged.
The manager, as he dropped dead, said: "MADAM, YOU'RE ENGAGED!"

REFLECTIONS OF THE STAGE VILLAIN.

PITY the sorrows of a villainous old man
Who now, alas! approaches life's allotted span,
And soon eternity and the unknown must face
With fainting heart and ne'er a single hope of grace.
For, oh, my very soul is steeped in fiendish crime,
Which I must expiate on, on through endless time.

From Maine to Texas, from Key West to Oregon,
There runs a gory trail of ghastly deeds I've done.
In Oshkosh, Red Bank and each cross-roads town
My victims cry for vengeance, and the angels frown
As overtime they work to record keep
Of all my wanton infamies so foul and deep.

I do mind me of the time when I, a strippling, went
Upon the stage, of man's blood innocent.
But villainy was quickly portioned as my lot,
And, ere the night had gone, sixteen poor souls I'd shot;
And stabbed, aye, many more, and poisoned twenty-two,
As it is wont for villains on the stage to do.

For full twice-twenty years my life of crime has run,
And every wanton deed that's known to man I've done.

Eight thousand murders; ye gods, what seas of gore!
Forgeries, bigamies, and trigamies galore!
My victims I both afternoon and night would slay,
And thus the self-same man I'd slaughter twice a day.

My conscience gives no rest; for, here upon Broadway,
I see my hapless victims pass me day by day.
Men whom I've shot and stabbed, maids whose jugulars
I've cut,
Familiarly they nod, and leer, and past me strut,
And one, alas! there is my wretched soul affrights;
For that same man *I murdered sixteen hundred nights!!!*

And thus in fear I wait the final curtain call,
My chance of future mercy most exceeding small.
The greatest villain that the world has ever known,
One saving hope have I, perchance it may atone—
That of the thousands I have slain by murder fell,
Not one is dead, and all, thank heaven! are hale and well!

THE HUNGRY THESPIAN.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As down Broadway an actor passed,
And stopped to read, with eager air,
This sign beneath a restaurant's glare:

LAMB STEW, 10 CENTS.

"Touch not the stew," an old man said,
"'Tis full of microbes; so's the bread."
The actor man made no reply,
But still read on, with rav'nous eye:

CORNED BEEF AND
CABBAGE, 10 CENTS.

"Beware the cabbage and the beef,"
The old man cried, "or come to grief.
Appendicitis lurks therein."
The actor's voice 'rose o'er the din,

FRANKFURTERS, 10 CENTS.

"Avoid the sausage," loudly roar'd
The warning voice, "with dog 'tis stored,
And other canine mysteries vile."
Still Shakespear Jones read on the while,

TWO FRIED, 10 CENTS.

"Leave eggs alone," the old man spoke,
"Think of the last that on thee broke
And splashed thy face and filled thine eye."
On read the thespian, with a sigh,

SMALL STEAK, 10 CENTS.

"Beware the steak," implored the man,
"For steak's beneath the Beef Trust's ban;
'Tis only food for millionaires.
You actors shouldn't put on airs.
Touch not the steak."

"Sirrah, avaunt," the actor cried,
"Unhand me, scoundrel, stand aside.
I want no viands, boiled or fried;
I never eat, and then, besides,
I've no darned 10 cents."

THE FAMILY THEATRIC.

WHO is it burns the midnight oil
And paper by the tons will spoil,
Swipes plots from Dickens, Scott or Doyle?
THE AUTHOR.

Who is it all the checks doth sign,
Backs the show—gets printing fine,
And for the soubrette opens wine?
THE ANGEL.

Who is it stands out in the front,
And watches each and every stunt,
Counts up the house—and does a grunt?

THE MANAGER.

Who is it calls you sharp at ten,
And says: "Now, ladees, shentlemen,
Ve dry dis over vonce agen"?

DER HERR CONDUCTOR.

Who is it, with an eye intense,
Seeks out some trivial offense,
And fines the whole crowd fifty cents?

THE STAGE MANAGER.

Who gets into most awful scrapes,
Dares death in fourteen hundred shapes,
And from the villain's toils escapes?

THE HERO.

Who is it, dressed in sombre black,
Weeps, wrings her hands, and says: "Alack!"
And on the villain turns her back?

THE HEROINE.

Who raises trouble by the peck,
The hero's life starts out to wreck,
And later gets it in the neck?

THE VILLAIN.

Who is it finds the stolen will,
O'erhears the villain's plans to kill,
And with him "raises 'Samuel Hill'"?

THE COMEDIAN.

Who is it keeps the house in roars,
Dusts furniture, and opens doors,
And does a dance to six encores?

THE SOUBRETTE.

Who is it hands you gun and sword,
And of stage-money keeps a hoard,
And over everything is lord?

HIS MAJESTY "PROPS."

Whom do we talk of tremblingly,
With bated breath, and dread that he
May fail "to walk"—oh, misery?
The beloved and all necessary "GHOST."

Who is it starts to scandalize,
Spreads discord fierce, tells endless lies
And has the whole crowd by the eyes?

THE SOUBRETTE'S MAMA.

Who is it to the show will come
In numbers scanty, faces glum,
And then go home and say "it's bum"?

THE AUDIENCE.

Who is it trouble fierce will hatch,
And, when you go your train to catch,
Your trunk and gripsack will attach?

THE LANDLORD.

Who is it weary, sad and sore,
Hoofs o'er the ties a week or more
And, Broadway reached, cries out for gore?

THE TROUPE.

THE TRAGEDIAN'S SOLILOQUY.

(*Parodies on Shakespeare.*)

TO be, or not to be, that is the conundrum,
Whether it is wiser to be biffed in the eye
By the o'erripe fruit of the domestic hen,
Or to be soaked and assaulted on the ear
By the abhorrent and decayed vegetable.
Who would hotel-bills pay, to sweat under a heavy burden,
When he can the dull landlord easily evade
By a noiseless descent of the convenient fire-escape?

Is this a ham sandwich that I see before me?
Come thou tempting morsel, let me catch thee,
And to this yawning stomach beat a swift retreat,
And give the lie to those who say I never eat.
Oh, oft have I been called "ham," now void of pelf,
I would, ye gods, I were a ham—that I might eat myself.

Be thou an Actor or a Variety man damned,
Bring with thee Shakespeare from Heaven, or rag-time from, well—
Is it thy purpose to oust me from the classic boards
And drive me barnstorming to the Hayseed hordes?
Thy mummery of song and dance is for the City's great,
While Shakespeare's for the varlets vile of low estate.

Oh, what a falling off was there, from the "Immortal Will,"
To this hell broth of rubbish—vaudeville—
This seething caldron of diablerie,
Legs, loveliness, jag-time and lunacy.

Most impotent, grave and irreverend Hayseeds,
My very ignoble and disapproved bad Masters,
That I have deigned to show you good acting, 'tis most true,
And my genius is lost on Punkinheads like you.
. . . . . Superb am I in my speech,
And but little versed in the wily ways of commerce;
For, since I was to a grasshopper that much high,
I have pursued the Actors' Art, and hoofed the tie,
Carrying a banner or spear, at "three per" week,
And little of this great world can I now speak
More than pertains to things strictly theatrical.

The quality of whiskey is much strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven
Upon the thirsty palate of the Thespian beneath.
She loved me for the gallons of it I had drank,
And I loved her that she did admire my wondrous tank.

He who steals my purse steals trash;
For, being a Tragedian's purse, the darn thing's minus cash.

LAMENT OF A SAD TRAGEDIAN.

THIS wretched world is out of joint, the sad Tragedian said;
The classic drama's buried, great Shakespeare's doubly dead;
Art's sacred lamp has flickered out, its temples they profane
With exhibitions lewd, nude, rude, and wickedly inane.

Could I fall down a flight of stairs, or waltz upon my nose,
I'd be the star attraction of ten hundred different shows;
But, with only art to recommend, I fain must disappear;
Oh, thou immortal Bard, look down—Ah, thanks! Make mine a beer!

But yesterday I hied me to a catiff agent's den.
"Your line of business, sir, is dead," he said, and straightway then
He offered me—keep still my heart, and burst not from thy bounds—
A thinking part in "Uncle Tom," play brass, and tend the hounds,
Understudy Eva, to dance—sand, jig, buck, clogs;
Give out vile dodgers to the mob, and sleep among the dogs,
With bloodhounds for my roommates! Great shades of Shakespeare hear,
The drama's dead, defunct, deceased—Oh, thanks! Once more a beer!

Another catiff agent offered me employment vile;
He called the job a lead-pipe cinch, and smiled a ghastly smile.
The piece was named the "Hooligans—The Happy Dancing Micks,"
And in it I was savagely assaulted, sir, with bricks;
All through the piece it showered bricks—if not, I had to stoop
While slapsticks on my pants were drummed by all that wretched troupe.
Again I ask: "Art thou not dead, thou Bard of Avon, dear?"
Ah, doubly moribund thou art—Ah, thanks! Another beer!

But yesterday they proffered me a most revolting role,
The insult of that offer vile sank deep into my soul;
I, that have played with Edwin Booth, with Barrett, and with Kean,
Was, for a paltry pittance, my manhood to demean—
And drain the cup of misery unto its very dregs
By capering in a mad burlesque as the elephant's hind legs!
An insult, sir! An outrage, sir! A most revolting crime!
Oh, Bard of Avon, me avenge!—Thanks! Whiskey straight this time.

Alas, the depths to which we lights of palmy days have sunk,
The brimful cup of misery, whose dregs perforce we've drunk,
Have not been told in full till I, with aching heart, reveal
What I within mine inmost soul no longer can conceal:
A medicine show engaged me to declaim, orate, recite,
And to swallow pills between the acts—the memory of that night—
With mortal horror fills me, and terrors on me seize.
Oh, art thou'rt dead and doubly damned—Ah, Blackberry brandy, please!

A HARD-LUCK STORY.

TURNING THE TABLES.

THE hard-up actor saw with joy a friend of his draw near.
He needed fifty bones—the chance to get the "bones" was here.
His friend had prospered wondrously—had diamonds, bonds and that,
While he was "stony," "busted," "broke," and hungry as a rat.

"How do, old chap; delighted much to see you," then he said.
"Must have 'fifty' quick, old chap; an aunt of mine is dead.
The Potters' field will get her, if I can't raise the dough;
So you'll let me have that *'fifty,'* for old times' sake, I know."

"Well, Jack, old boy," his friend replied, "there's not a single thing
I would not do for you, old chap, for recollections bring
The time when you were good to me, when we were strapped out West;
But I've got troubles of my own—troubles like the rest.
I know my season has been good; I cleared a tidy pile,
But for the last few weeks, old chap, my luck's been simply vile.
You've lost an aunt, I've buried *four,* my mother's scarce alive;
Won't last the day." "Too bad," said Jack; "we'll make it *'twenty-five.'*"

"Twenty-five! That's kind of you, to put it down so low;
I could have managed that all right, but 'bout two days ago
The baby started yelling, and we got a doctor quick.
The 'kid' had 'pendicitis, and was critically sick.
Operation then and there; had nurses by the score;
Cost me sixteen hundred cold, and may cost that much more.
In fact, dear Jack, you can't conceive how hoodooed I have been."
"As that's the case," Jack murmured, "suppose we say *'fifteen'*"?

"Fifteen, old boy; that isn't much; a trifle, I'll admit,
But you can't realize, old chap, how badly I've been hit.
I bought a house, and paid for it—a house that you'd admire—
But forgot about insurance, and, of course, the place took fire.
Everything we had was burned, my uncle died of shock;
The funeral takes place to-day, at half-past three o'clock.
Can't pay the undertaker, boy, my grief is just intense."
"That's tough, indeed, old boy," said Jack; "we'll make it *fifty cents"!*

"Ah, now you're talking, Jack, old boy; you're getting near the mark,
But, as I walked downtown to-day, I came through Central Park;
A gang of toughs set on to me, great Scott! I had a time;
Nearly lost my life, old chap—swiped my every dime.
I shouted 'Murder!' and 'Police!' till the scoundrels ran away.
Haven't got a blessed cent to buy a meal; and, say,
Instead of staking you, old chap, I wish, right now and here,
You'd hock your coat and pants, dear boy, and *go buy me a beer."*

THE END.

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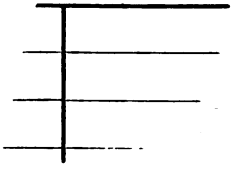

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